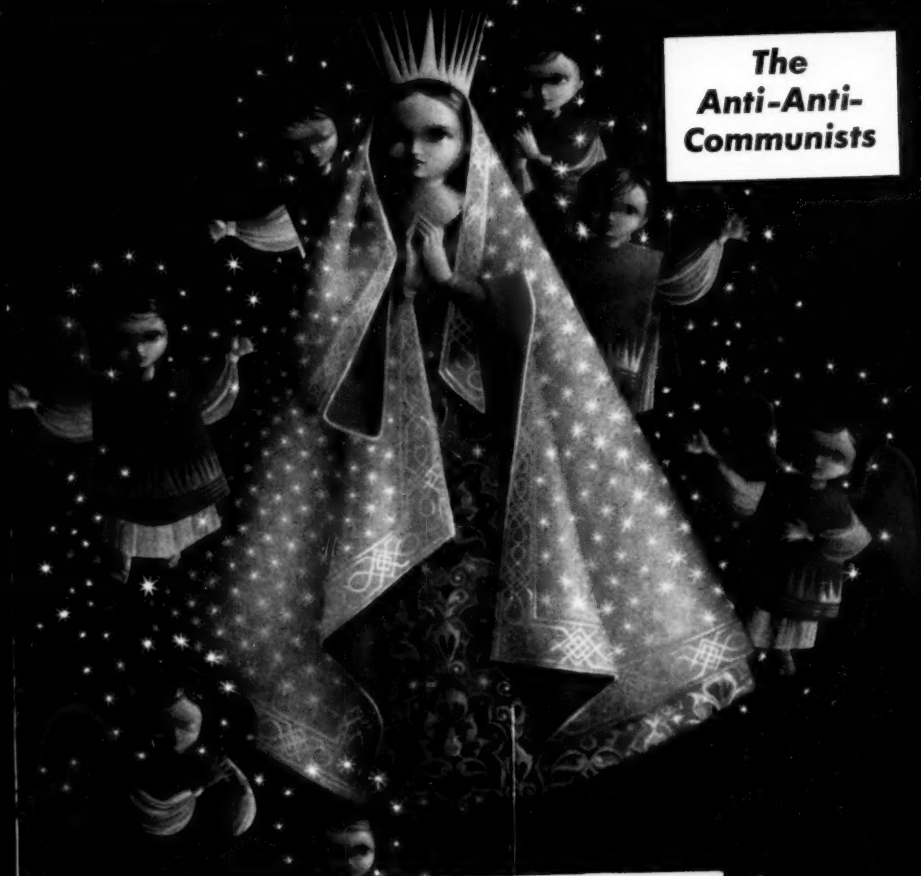


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*The ragpicking priest of Paris is extending
his work to the great cities of the world*

Abbé Pierre Visits America

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF
Condensed from *Columbia**



ACROSS THE TABLE from a simple priest, I sat one day last spring in a commonplace, almost deserted little restaurant on the Hudson river near Nyack, N.Y. The priest, who was closing an American speaking tour, is unquestionably one of the most important figures in Christendom.

You might not have thought it to look at him. With the aid of only four teeth, he was wearily trying to make his way through a small plate of raw hamburger, the only thing he could digest in his exhausted state. At last he gave up. But as he rose and blessed himself, I heard him murmur in French, "The part I could not eat would have fed a hungry man."

He had come to this modest waterside haven to get some rest before going on to Canada. En route, his driver saw a hitchhiker, and asked if they should pick him up. The priest said, "Of course we should," in French.

The hitchhiker kept staring at the priest, and finally blurted. "I

know who you are. That's wonderful work you're doing. Please keep it up." The driver translated.

No translation was needed when the hitchhiker got out a few miles further on, and said fiercely, "God bless you!" The priest, used to being blessed in a variety of tongues, humbly bowed his head.

For this was the legendary Abbé Pierre, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Resistance hero, and for seven years hard-working (though then without much result) member of the French National assembly. This was the shy-mannered crusader who, on the other hand, has been responsible in just the past year for more than 45% of all emergency housing erected in the Paris area and five other regions of France, and who yet insists on calling himself "only a flea that hopped out of a ragpicker's sack onto the desk of our housing authority and bit the government into getting a move on." Here at my side sat the 43-year-old Capuchin who became a living legend

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. July, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

on the bitter night of Feb. 1, 1954. That was when he scrounged ten minutes of radio time to hurl at the conscience of France an appeal that may yet rock the world.

Weather reports that night said that the sub-zero temperatures in Paris would probably last all month. Yet, on the sidewalks of the French capital, men, women and children nuzzled like animals for warmth against the grates of subway vents, and slept, or tried to. Some who slept never awoke.

On the day before Abbé Pierre's radio challenge, for example, an old woman was found frozen to death, her three-day-old eviction notice clenched in her blue fist. She was, in a way, among the lucky ones. Thousands of decent people survived each wretched night. With the coming of dawn, they only sank deeper into the degradation of homelessness in gutters, alleys, and garbage dumps of the ironically named City of Light.

The reason for all this was a merciless steel shears masquerading as civil law. One of its razor jaws was the French building code, which in recent years has permitted construction of luxury apartments only, with rents far beyond the reach of ordinary citizens.

The other jaw, equally cutting, might be called *status quo* sanctified by statute. More than half the dwellings in Paris antedate the 1st World War, some of them by centuries. The cost of living in those

hovels, far too high for most people, was set by law. Responsible legislators admitted that one in six ought to be ripped down as unfit, but no steps were taken.

Workingmen, of course, were caught in this abominable shears. The only "homes" their families knew were the overcrowded fire-traps misnamed hotels. As many as a dozen people had to eat, sleep, and "live" in a single small room. Rates were so steep that it took half a month's pay to stay there for even half a month. After that, stop eating or go on the streets. Die.

Because of Abbé Pierre's bold stroke, more than 1,500 shelterless French families were installed last year in simple but decent new homes. The goal of 1,200 more houses for 1955 is well in sight.

On that cold February night in 1954, all Abbé Pierre had in mind was swift relief. The opening words of his radio challenge were therefore chosen with care to sting men awake with the story of the frozen old woman. That much accomplished, the priest hit his listeners with the number of tents, cots, blankets, and items of clothing needed at once to prevent further repetitions of such tragic disgrace. He said, "Send them to the Hotel Rochester," an address that popped into his head on the spur of the moment because he'd had a letter from somebody there that morning.

"In every neighborhood in Paris

and in every village of France, as long as this cold wave lasts, we must have more rescue centers," Abbé Pierre told the nation, "*brotherly* rescue centers, with a sign over the door that says, 'You who suffer, whoever you are, come in, get some sleep, have something to eat, learn to hope again—for here we love you as a brother.'"

It must have been quite a jolt for the well-housed Frenchman, perhaps about to enjoy a midnight snack with a glass of good wine, to hear *Radio-diffusion Française* summoning him to the rescue of people he had thought of as derelicts (when he thought of them at all). He heard the voice urgently asking for the loan of trucks, even asking him to drive the trucks to round up equipment for this humanitarian revolution. The voice closed on the irresistible note, "Thanks to each man of you, no child will go to bed tonight on the pavements or the docks of Paris."

Conscience, stabbed awake, responded with a roar. The physical needs of human dignity came in with such a rush that inside of 24 hours the quotas the abbé had set up were met five and ten times over. The Hotel Rochester found its lobby jammed to the ceiling, and gladly turned over all its facilities and personnel to the emergency task. Police had to unsnarl the

thick traffic of mercy for blocks.

Every attic in Paris was ransacked, and apparently most of the pocketbooks, too; the month and a half saw \$1,285,715 roll in. People who came with all they could scrape up took off their own overcoats. A U. S. army officer, unaware that an "insurrection of kindness"

was under way, strode into the Hotel Rochester with two huge suitcases; they were emptied on piles of clothing before he had a chance to yelp that he was only a guest.

One man got all this done by opening his mouth and letting the chips fall where they might. That man was no newcomer to a sense of social obligation. He was the son of a wealthy Lyons textile manufacturer, who as a boy had gone with his father to the most destitute parts of the city. There the boy would watch in awe while his fastidious parent washed and cut the matted hair of the poorest. The boy would ask why the people thus served never said thanks and seemed to feel that the service was their due; the elder Grouès would tell young Henri-Antoine that there was no reason why they should say thanks: as Christ's poor, it *was* their due.

No wonder, then, that at 18 Henri-Antoine Grouès spent an entire night wandering through Assisi with a biography of St.



Francis in his pocket, meditating. Somewhere in those morning hours the lesson of the father and the life of the saint coalesced. "At dawn," says Abbé Pierre, "I yearned to be a priest." He went to his father, asked for his inheritance, and distributed it among the poor in two hours.

The young man was educated at the Jesuit college in Lyons, and then entered a Capuchin monastery. Ill health forced him to abandon monastic life eight years later, and he became, in turn, hospital chaplain, organizer of young people among the coal miners, chaplain to one of France's largest orphanages, and pastor of the Grenoble cathedral.

In the 2nd World War he smuggled Jews and other Gestapo-hounded aliens across the Swiss border. Once, he carried the wounded brother of General De Gaulle on his own shoulders. The nazis concentrated their efforts and took him prisoner. But he got away almost at once, set up a number of Maquis units, founded an underground newspaper, and sheltered refugees from German forced-labor groups.

He was operating by this time under his now world-famous *nom de guerre* of Abbé Pierre—which means *Peter*, which means *rock*—but even so, Lyons became too hot for him. He headed for Paris under a second alias, Abbé Houdin. There he did counterintelligence work and

forged identification papers for the persecuted.

On his way back from Spain one night, the nazis nabbed him again. Once more he escaped, but now he was really too hot to be of further use in France, and he was sent to Algiers for diplomatic work. Two months later, he was made chaplain of a Casablanca naval depot, and, soon after that, of the warship *Jean Bart*. They called him back to Paris in 1945 and made him chaplain of the entire French navy, a post that St. Vincent de Paul had also held.

His stooped shoulders bowed even further with medals for heroism and war work, Abbé Pierre was a natural to run for the Chamber of Deputies. He won hands down, sitting till 1951 as representative from the Meurthe and Moselle district. It was during his term in the French assembly that he began the work which now engrosses him heart and soul.

The only place he himself could find to live in was a dilapidated mansion. By day, the priest sat as a legislator of France; by night, he hammered, sawed, glazed, and slung plaster. The place was just too big—but his misgivings melted as, one after another, bums, drunks, murderers, and a variety of other ex-convicts and outcasts drifted in for shelter and stayed to lend a hand.

The abbé always insists you get the story straight about what fol-

lowed. "It's not a tale of what we accomplished," he urges you to remember, "but of what happened to us. We were distinctly maneuvered toward an achievement of which we were nothing but the instrument. And that's not just a formula of modesty or clerical humility, either."

The fact remains that Abbé Pierre had at least three outstanding personal qualifications as an instrument of God in this situation.

1. He *never* asked questions, not even last names.
2. He lived and worked with the men and spoke their kind of French (his highly educated speech is shot through with the most colorful slang imaginable).
3. He gave them reason to hope again.

It was appropriate, therefore, that as the project burgeoned, the renovated mansion should come to be called Emmaus. Abbé Pierre picked the name in memory of the little village outside the walls of Jerusalem to which the disciples withdrew to await in hope the resurrection of our Lord.

The men who gathered around him have been immortalized in Boris Simon's unforgettably vivid book, *Abbé Pierre and the Ragpickers of Emmaus*. Through anecdote and insight, it tells, day by day and almost hour by hour, how things swelled to the climax of Feb. 1, 1954. How when the abbé was defeated in the 1951 elections and his salary cut off, one of the

men handed him \$3 he had earned selling junk he found while rag-picking. How the abbé, too French to snub an honest buck even when it came in the most humiliating kind of answer to his prayers, promptly organized his Companions of Emmaus and went out on the dumps ragpicking with them.

Today those ragpickers number 800. Former drunks have become the most discriminating bottle collectors. Vagabond mechanics carefully dismantle abandoned machinery, and sort the metals. A textile baron's son, his palms crossed with the chrism of salvation, cheerfully sorts cast-off textiles. It all brings in, for the work of Emmaus, a thumping \$3,000 a month. With the building program Abbé Pierre has laid out, they're going to need every sou of it.

But between flash and fruition, a harrowing tale is told. When his beloved bums grew too numerous even for the big mansion, the priest cadged some planks and built them a shelter in the back yard.

One day, another priest found a family, with tiny children and the wife expecting, huddled in a ragged tent on a dump. He sent them to Emmaus, where the only room left, and the only one fit for family living, was Abbé Pierre's chapel. Without hesitation the abbé installed the family there, moving the Blessed Sacrament to his own modest, cot-furnished cell. "Thus, Christ Himself was the first to make a

sacrifice for a homeless French family."

Families now converged on Emmaus in increasing numbers. Building to accommodate them was speeded up by the new masculine hands. An abandoned army barracks was bought, a cement-block-making machine, more land in another part of the Parisian suburbs—by the time he gave France back its heart via radio, the priest was already a sociological phenomenon such as the world has seldom seen.

But even after the overwhelming response his broadcast touched off, things were not to go automatically his way. He had worked out with architects a plain, ample home for family needs that could be put up for \$2,000 and rented for \$5 a month. When the French government was considering emergency housing appropriations in 1953, Abbé Pierre submitted these plans, only to see the whole thing voted down.

That same night a baby died of exposure. The three-month-old infant had been housed with his parents in the back of a wrecked truck. Seething, Abbé Pierre put an open letter in the newspaper *Le Figaro*, inviting Maurice Lemaire, minister of reconstruction, to attend the funeral. So stingingly had the priest's letter spelled out the disgraceful plight of the homeless in

France that Lemaire did walk behind the tiny casket with Abbé Pierre's ragpickers. His action struck home with the French government, and forced it to act. Some of the millions used to float French emergency housing bonds was loaned to the government by Abbé Pierre out of the gifts of private citizens and the earnings of the Emmaus ragpickers.

A meteorically popular leader becomes a target, and the priest was not spared. Politicians wondered how soon he might be expected to attempt the seizure of France. He soothed their guilt-stricken anxiety with the assurance that he was "neither Napoleon nor Joan of Arc, but only a flea, out to make the administration's blood circulate."

The French press, convinced he was St. Francis of Assisi, St. Vincent de Paul, and the great desert priest, Father Charles de Foucauld, rolled into one, urged that he be canonized. Abbé Pierre quietly refocused attention on the job at hand. With droll humor, since canonization takes place only after death, he said, "Frankly, the thought disturbs me. I'd much rather stick around and do God's work for a while."

The communist paper *L'Humanité* was the lone dissenter. It ballyragged him and his accomplishments incoherently. It plucked in



desperation at such threads as the government's having illicitly allowed him to use its radio for a charity appeal which, to the twisted Red way of thinking, could easily be turned to political advantage. This the abbé ignored. After all, many an anonymous contribution had come from leftist sources to help him with his work while he was still a deputy. As he says, "There are stones at Emmaus that pray for the members of every political party in France." And besides, did not a communist master carpenter and union official cut and build with his own hands the main altar of Emmaus? It consists of three beautifully hand-tooled slabs of flawless mahogany, for which the communist carpenter would not take any pay because it was for Abbé Pierre.

At Manhattanville, not long ago, a priest got up to read to a meeting of librarians two letters he had just received. Both were from Religious, and had been sent to him because he reviews books. One letter urged the suppression of straight-talking works on social justice like those of Barbara Ward and Catholic university's Monsignor Ryan. The other said simply, "When are you going to wake up to the fact that Abbé Pierre is a communist?"

When he finished reading, the priest looked up and said, "What are you going to do with people like that?"

It may be understandable that

Abbé Pierre should alienate some detached souls. A well-to-do family wrote him, expressing admiration, and got back a note saying, "Thanks so much, but we must tell you that in spite of our efforts we have still not succeeded in cooking admiration. Next time please send something more edible."

There seems to be a widespread, chronic inability, or reluctance, to distinguish what Abbé Pierre is doing from what the communists pretend they are doing. This attitude ought to disappear in the face of the fact that the Pope three times received the Abbé Pierre in private audience and then publicly lauded his work. Pius XII is the last man on earth to be deceived by a communist in clerical garb.

After his raw-hamburger lunch a few weeks ago, I drove Abbé Pierre in my car to his friend André Girard's. The French artist's studio—floor, walls, and ceiling filled with paintings, sketches, and stained-glass projects—commands a magnificent view of the Hudson. The priest ignored it. He flung himself almost flat on his back on a rumpled couch under an enormous sketch of Christ with his disciples, shut his eyes, and for several hours held me spellbound with the reasons why he'd come to the U.S. and what he'd found.

He began his speaking tour in New York City, and from there went on to Washington, across the country to San Francisco and back,

talking love from a new angle all the way. At a luncheon given for him at Dorothy Day's *Catholic Worker* soup kitchen in New York, he had seen the feet of the poor going past the window on their way to get soup, and he had murmured, "Let's get out of here and be with them. That is what I came for." And he had gotten out of there, and gone with them. He didn't just *talk* love.

Abbé Pierre calls himself "the voice of those who have no voice." They could hardly have found a more gifted, courageous tongue. He said to me that the day must come when children are taught to pray not only before our Lady's statue but also before a map of the world; children must become aware of the suffering of children everywhere, three out of four of whom have never known what it is not to be hungry. And not just the little ones.

"One family out of two has no decent place to live," says Abbé Pierre, his grayish-brown eyes liquid with compassion. "Half of humanity lacks adequate education, employment, and medical care. And those of us who lack for little or nothing, we live in fear. At the same time, the material wealth, the technical skill, and even the good will necessary to remedy these ills exists in greater abundance than ever before.

"What is holding us back? Why is it that even tremendous power

and good will bring about such relatively small results and with such long delays? It is because those who possess that power are deprived, by the very fact that they possess it, from an immediate personal knowledge of human suffering; and those who are in greatest need and who suffer are deprived, by the very fact that they suffer this need, of the possibility of making their sufferings known. Consequently, we are, all together, drifting toward catastrophe."

Love is the only remedy to stop that drift and prevent catastrophe, says the abbé, and it had better get rolling fast because "the future of the world belongs to that one man, bloc, or doctrine which succeeds in rallying the thousands of human beings whose daily bread is misery." The kind of love he has in mind gives of itself, so I asked how Americans, with their love of hygienic living conditions, had reacted to his suggestion that they embrace less savory brothers-in-Christ like ragpickers.

"There is a moral hygiene that is more important," he said, not angrily, but smiling. And the next day I knew what he meant. A fellow from my own home town of Upper Montclair, N.J., Michael Grieco, announced plans to leave right after taking his college degree and spend the summer rag-picking with the Companions of Emmaus for 85¢ weekly.

This American pioneer to adven-

ture for the sake of peace will be followed by a San Francisco group and then by others. They wish to study the work of Emmaus firsthand by doing it, and then translate it to Mexico, Peru, Puerto Rico, and other insufficiently loved regions of the earth. I asked what a mere journalist with six kids could do, as representative of most people unable to pull up roots and go to Paris or Puerto Rico. Then I learned why Abbé Pierre felt that his weariness justified canceling a lunch date with Tyrone Power the day before but was not overpowering enough to keep him from spending the afternoon with me.

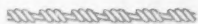
"The journalist can help create the right climate of opinion," he said gently. "This may be the moment in history when the destiny of all nations lies in America's hands. But for the shaping of that destiny, the mother, the artist, the journalist are far more important than the politicians. The politicians are necessary to run the business,

but they do not create, and they seldom inspire."

From a man who had spent half an hour in private interview with President Eisenhower, this was a bit unsettling. I asked if he thought Ike had the spiritual capacity to grasp the urgency of Abbé Pierre's mission. "His spiritual capacity," said the priest, "greatly exceeds his political."

Lord Beveridge once said that it doesn't really matter that Abbé Pierre speaks only French. "The kind of French this man speaks," he pointed out, "all human beings understand."

Just before I knelt for his blessing and shook his gentle, work-worn hand, I asked Abbé Pierre if, with all the requests from other nations that he pay them visits, too, he thought he would come back here again. He said he thought he would. What did he feel he'd accomplished this time? "I just dug a few furrows," he said softly. "The seed is up to God."



They Chose America

AT A MEETING discussing a bill which would open America's door to more displaced persons from other countries, a native-born American was claiming that many foreign-born were too demanding, and didn't have enough consideration for the benefits that Americans had made theirs.

"Those fellows," said the native American, "are really only intruders. Not one was born here. They are welcome, of course, but we shouldn't forget what they owe us."

"That may be," replied a man recently admitted to this country, "but there's one thing you forget. I came to this country with my fare paid and my clothes on. Can you say the same?"

Dan Bennett.

The sun has always grown our food; now it can cook it for us



Turn on Your Sun Stove

By O. A. BATTISTA
Condensed from *The Lion**

THE EARTH RECEIVES each year from the sun the equivalent of 122 trillion tons of coal. Every day every two square miles of land or sea soaks up as much energy as is liberated by an average-size atomic bomb. Nearly all is wasted.

But about 30 U.S. universities and research foundations are now busy with solar-energy projects.

The simplest method of using solar energy is to soak up sunlight directly on a jet black surface and lead the resulting heat into a boiler. Several steam plants are generating power from sunlight in this way.

One of the largest solar furnaces in the world was built by a Frenchman, Felix Trombe, in 1953. On a reasonably sunny day it can melt about 180 pounds of iron in one hour.

The largest solar furnace in America is in San Diego, Calif. Its reflector, 120 inches in diameter, is made of highly polished $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch aluminum. Rays from the sun are collected by a huge mirror and reflected to a focal point. It melts a steel bolt in seconds. When sky conditions are ideal, the furnace can develop a temperature of 8,500° F, approximately 85% of the temperature of the sun's surface. The temperature produced by an oxy-acetylene torch, by comparison, is around 5,800° F. To continue the mirror in focus an accurate clock mechanism coordinates movement of the mirror with that of the sun.

The world's most practical solar furnace is a small "sun stove" developed by Dr. Maria Telkes, now a project director at New York university's College of Engineering.

Dr. Telkes' sun stove was invented to supply a practical answer to a serious problem that faces people in many of the world's underdeveloped territories, a shortage of fuel for cooking their daily meals. Cooking fuel as Americans and Europeans know it (gas, oil or electricity) is, in those countries, either unavailable or too expensive.

As a result, vegetation in those countries, (India, Africa, Egypt) is

*332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. March, 1955. Copyright by Lions International, and reprinted with permission.

prematurely cut down for fuel. This cutting kills off the trees, and in some regions is the cause of soil erosion, dust storms, and poor crop yields.

Although sun stoves were built as far back as 1870, no model to date has filled all the requirements for mass marketing. On an international plane, the requirements are these. The stove must cook, boil, and bake according to local custom; it must cost less than \$5; it should accommodate cooking utensils used in the region; it should be usable in the early evening. It should be durable, require little attention, be portable, and be simple to operate and clean. The sun stove conceived by Dr. Telkes meets all these requirements.

The first model of Dr. Telkes' sun stove was tried in New York City sunshine in October, 1953. Even on days when there was some haze over the city, it was possible to boil rice, lentils, and other green or dry vegetables. Such foods are staples in India and the Near East. The Telkes sun stove also roasted chicken, broiled steak and fish, baked bread and cake, and boiled stews and soups.

The demonstrations used sun power when outdoor temperature was generally under 70° F. Even under those conditions, the sun stove developed temperatures of 300° F. Very likely, the much stronger sunshine of such countries as India can produce temperatures

as high as 450°, and thus fill all cooking needs.

Unlike previous solar cookers, Dr. Telkes' stove does not use curved reflectors, which must be shaped accurately to exact tolerances.

Her device, in its preliminary model form, is a well-insulated box with a glass window and four-plane, flat-surface mirrors extending outward like flaps around the window. The mirrors reflect sunlight into the stove. The sun's energy is trapped, and converted into heat by a chemical within the box. Among its advantages is its ability to retain heat for more than an hour after sundown, the time for the evening meal. Food and cooking utensils are inserted in the back of the stove. The sun stove requires no upkeep and no more watching than a gas or electric range.

Previously developed sun stoves have never been used on a large scale because of their high cost or because they could not be built with materials available in tropical countries.

A report by the Materials Policy commission to the President of the U.S. says, "The potential market for solar heating in the U.S. alone may be more than 13 million installations by 1975." The report further estimates that these heating units, selling for about \$2,000 to \$3,000 each, may effectively satisfy by that time about 10% of the nation's total energy requirements.

New Name for Good Catholics

Journalists have a hard time with religious adjectives

By WILLIAM SMITH, S.J.

Condensed from "Spotlight on Social Reform"*

SECLAR NEWSPAPERS invariably fail when they try to select the adjective to describe a praiseworthy Catholic. They usually can think of no other word than *devout*. Occasional variations are *ardent*, *practical*, *good*. Within the fold, maybe the best term would be *commendable*.

The commendable Catholic should not be called an "average" Catholic, because the word *average* implies a compilation of the best with the worst and carries with it the idea of mediocrity. To use the term "normal" Catholic would ascribe abnormality to those who might fall below or rise above the norm. Nor is *typical* the apt word.

The very term *Catholic*, meaning universal, embraces every baptized individual, including the dead and wounded members of the Mystical Body whose souls are in sin. The best we can do, by way of a label, is to give the would-be saint the tag of "commendable Catholic" and indicate a few general characteristics.

He is, first of all, an intellectual.

Whether he be a Ph.D., or a fellow who had difficulty in getting by 5th grade, he is entitled to be so designated in so far as *he thinks*. There is no reason why *intellectual* should be restricted to those who have had the good fortune to enjoy extensive formal schooling. Snobs blessed with brains, secularistic scientists, and emotionally activated cynics may have brought the term *intellectual* into poor repute in some quarters. But it is still a worthy word and applicable to millions.

The commendable Catholic "thinks with the Church." He accepts the divine guidance of the Church in every phase of his life. On questions of faith, morals, and spiritual discipline he submits wholeheartedly to the doctrine and directions of the Church.

On matters which are not of a strictly spiritual nature but involve a moral issue because of circumstances, he is ready to assent to a decision of Pope or bishop publicly promulgated on the subject. On a public issue such as the current

*Syndicated column of the author. June 3, 1955. Copyright 1955 by William Smith, S. J., and reprinted with permission.

controversy over so-called "right-to-work" laws, when it becomes apparent that a dozen members of the hierarchy have made public pronouncements on the subject, the commendable Catholic will not stubbornly urge his own private interpretation. The intelligent Catholic knows that the bishops do not issue public statements on topics of this kind unless a moral issue is involved and the common good is at stake.

He may disagree with or even dislike individual members of the clergy or hierarchy merely as personalities. His aversion, however, will never be based upon a doctrinal difference nor even personal pique. Nor will he broadcast unfavorable impressions or personal differences to the detriment of the faith and the delight of scoffing unbelievers.

He will defend as far as possible the shepherds of the flock in spite of shortcomings that may, on occasion, mar the sacred calling of the priesthood as it is exercised by fallible human agents. He certainly will not criticize the Church itself nor find fault with the Almighty because some individual does not measure up to the heroic standard of the ideal Catholic. Neither by thought nor word will he lend comfort and encouragement to the enemies of the Church, bent on lessening her influence in human society, by fostering the evil of anticlericalism.

He is intolerant of error, but sympathetic to the erring. He recognizes the extreme difficulty posed by modern life in keeping these two concepts in balance. Yet he will not allow himself to fall prey to bias, bigotry, or an indefensible attitude of discrimination.

He acknowledges his Jewish, Protestant, and Colored neighbors as coequal human beings, created in the image of the same Creator as he himself has been; entitled in justice and charity to every natural and civil right that he himself enjoys.

He will neither attempt to be more "Catholic" than the Church nor allow himself to be less human than his fellow beings in his attitude on any phase of the social question. He is his brother's keeper and dependent upon him as well. He has schooled himself in the thought that only by the organized co-operation of all can the common good be enjoyed by each.

Whatever his occupation or calling in life, he will make an honest endeavor to look upon it as a vocation. He will exercise the talent that has been given him and make use of the opportunities his contacts in life bring to him in a spirit of dedication to the glory of God, the proper progress of the Church, and the common good of his fellow man.

His habitual humility and reliance upon divine providence has taught him that "we have not here

a lasting city" and that "man does not live by bread alone." He looks upon the things of time as borrowed instruments to be used in building a pathway to eternity. His goal in life is God. His home is the Church; his workshop, the total environment wherein he carries out each day the general and specific duties of his state in life.

His life's work is to increase, by thought, word, and deed, the luster of that image of the divine Creator

which God Himself has made—himself, his own human personality.

His life's ambition is so to live his life that in God's own time he will be judged worthy to enjoy the priceless reward of an everlasting union with God Himself. He is convinced he can best attain that objective by "thinking with the Church" at all times, in all places, and in regard to all phases of his earthly existence.



Make-Believe

LITTLE SUSAN was playing doctor, rushing out on imaginary calls to attend someone in the neighborhood. Once she forgot to close the door.

"Susan," her mother called, "come back and close the door." But Susan paid no attention.

When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and slammed the door. Then she continued on her way.

"How was your patient?" her mother asked when Susan returned.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that darn door!"

The Sign (April '51).



JIMMY was telling his uncle his ambition. "When I grow up I'm gonna be a lion tamer. I'll have lots of fierce lions and tigers, and I'll walk into the cage and—" he hesitated, then continued. "But, of course, I'll have my mother with me."

Cheer (April '55).



LITTLE JOE had made a bar of a packing box, and scrawled a sign on it, "This is the Wild West and this box is the Last Chance Saloon."

Another youngster swaggered up, pounded on the bar, and cried, "I'll have a rye."

A third, much younger, swaggered up alongside him, and squeaked, "I'll have a whole wheat."

Mutual Moments.

The adding machine and the abacus give the answer

Now Kids Love Arithmetic

By ANDREW F. SCHOTT

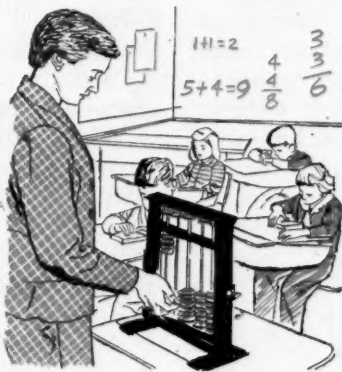
Educational Consultant; Lecturer, Marquette university

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**

KENNETH, PUG-NOSED, freckled 4th-grader, was the only pupil left in the classroom at recess time. Before him was an adding machine just like the ones they use in offices. Kenneth attends a rural school just outside the city limits of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

He had his arithmetic book open beside the machine. With a slightly grimy forefinger he kept his place in it, while he poked the keys and pulled the handle. He whispered the numbers as he worked. He was thoroughly enjoying himself.

But he and his classmates are not the only ones who are keen about adding machines. The pupils of seven public and parochial schools in the Milwaukee area are learning arithmetic and mathematics by the new machine method. It is used from the 4th grade straight through high school.



The first three elementary grades use another tool in working with numbers. It's a modern version of one of the world's most ancient calculation devices, the abacus. Every child works with one at his desk and, up front, the

teacher instructs with a giant-size abacus, about two feet square.

Almost 2,000 Milwaukee children are using the abacus and the adding machine. Their achievement in mathematics has been sensational.

With traditional teaching methods, numbers have not seemed real enough to children. Their relationship to everyday living is not made clear. Perhaps even more important, our decimal system, the essence of arithmetic, is usually not clearly taught nor understood.

The problem would not be serious if arithmetic were intended only

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17, May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

as a mental exercise. But arithmetic is of immense practical importance.

A boy who wants to be an engineer will go through agonies of frustration with advanced mathematics if he doesn't have a firm footing in arithmetic. Skill with numbers is a requisite in accountancy, economics, banking, insurance, time-and-motion study, and other specialties in industry. And, of course, everyone uses arithmetic as homeowner and bread winner.

The beauty of the teaching tools in our Milwaukee program is that they give numbers a satisfying reality and compel a correct approach to our decimal system.

Working with the abacus, the beginner frequently writes numbers down, just as he used to do. But now he does a great deal more than that. He slides them along the counting rods. He groups them in solid quantities. And always before his eyes is the framework of the decimal system. He works with little numbers at first, but quickly moves on to bigger ones. When he's a 2nd-grader he's not bowled over when the teacher says, "Let's write 15,678."

The power of the adding machine as a tool of learning is much like that of the abacus. It represents the decimal system in faithful, visual form, embracing in its seven columns of keys all decimal values from .01 through 99,999.99. As on the abacus, thinking is paralleled by action. This combination forti-

fies learning and makes arithmetic really exciting.

The teacher puts a problem on the board—addition of the numbers 35, 46, 57 and 89. The pupils are not permitted to jam these numbers into the machine at break-neck speed and yank the handle for the answer. They follow a procedure which insures that they understand what they are doing.

Carefully formulated and tested teaching procedures are used in working with the adding machine on subtraction, multiplication, and division. Elimination of tedious copying of figures gives pupils time to work more problems.

It was back in 1953 when, as a specialist in educational methods, I was assigned to help student teachers brush up on their arithmetic. Abacus and adding machine were first introduced as tools of learning in those classes.

We had a small number of machines for teaching the teachers, lent by the Burroughs Corp. branch in Milwaukee. The teachers were so enthusiastic about the course that it occurred to someone that their pupils might find the machines helpful, too. So a method for teaching children was developed, and the experiment was launched in a 5th-grade class in Milwaukee.

Progress was made by the pupils, but the group was too small for useful research purposes. The Burroughs Corp. in Detroit then be-

came interested, and offered to furnish a large quantity of machines to expand the experiment. The new method was begun in seven Milwaukee-area schools in January, 1954.

Teachers were flabbergasted. The pupils couldn't wait to do arithmetic this new way. Arithmetic was being taught successfully—and both pupils and teachers were thoroughly enjoying it!

Eleven-year-old Laura, a bright (120 IQ) and attractive 6th-grader who did well in most subjects, had detested arithmetic. Despite special attention, she lagged about a year behind in learning. The new machine method dramatically reversed her standing. In four months she mastered what normally would have required 24 school months to learn!

What impressed the teachers most of all was the awakening of pupils who didn't seem to have as much natural talent as their classmates. Many of them astonished themselves and their teachers by overtaking classmates who had always seemed "smarter."

Bruce was one of the surprises. He was a high-school sophomore at the start of our program, but his arithmetic was at the 6th-grade level.

Bruce worked in a chain grocery on Saturday. When the adding machines were introduced, numbers came to life for him. He immediately associated them with the

cash machines at the store. After one month of the new method, Bruce knew enough about arithmetic and machine operation to qualify for a promotion from stock chaser to cashier at the grocery. After four months, he had completely wiped out his deficit in learning.

Objections to the method have been raised. One made me smile. After visiting a class for a few minutes, a businessman said it appeared that the children were "just having fun"; when he went to school, "arithmetic was work." That learning could and should be fun never occurred to him.

The most common objection has been that the machine will rob students of the ability to compute mentally. This objection can be refuted completely by our test results. But even on the face of it, it is unsound. To object to the adding machine for this reason is the same as objecting to the typewriter because the typist will forget how to write with a pen.

The adding machine does not do away with the need for mental effort. Its operation encourages a clear understanding of basic arithmetic processes. It stimulates the mental faculties by making it possible for the pupil to do more work. Used correctly, it permits the pupil to explore much broader areas of arithmetic than were ever open to him with pencil and paper.

Yet, paper-and-pencil arithmetic

has by no means been disregarded. Work with the machine is closely paralleled by work without it.

We wished to add still more punch to our teaching about the reality of numbers. A Milwaukee bank and insurance company opened their doors to us. The students were thrilled to discover people working with the same kind of arithmetic that they worked with at school. They saw many machines, some like their own, others more complex, but all arithmetical machines. They worked out problems on them with the help of employees.

The conclusive proof that the adding-machine method actually sharpens faculties was obtained in a series of recent tests. In January, 1954, at the very beginning of the program, more than 800 of the participating children were given the California Arithmetic test, widely used in the nation's schools. They took this test with paper and pencil. It was designed to measure what they had learned the preceding semester, under the old teaching method.

After four months of training by the machine method, in May, 1954, they were given two different forms of the California test. One they worked with paper and pencil, the other with their adding machines. The dual testing was to determine not only how much they had learned, but also whether that learning was independent of the machine.

Completed tests were sent to Marquette university to be scored and analyzed. Findings were formulated with scrupulous care by educational specialists. The California Test bureau itself was consulted. They fully confirmed the validity of the testing method and findings. Among our major discoveries are these.

1. The entire group of children in grades 4 through 9 more than tripled the normal rate of learning.

2. Learning accelerated in the higher grades. With the machine method, 4th, 5th, and 6th-graders gained at twice the normal rate. Seventh, 8th, and 9th-graders gained at five times the normal rate. In less than a semester they had learned what formerly required two years!

3. Problem-solving ability increased as fast as the learning of fundamentals. Scores on questions measuring reasoning power were, in fact, a trifle better than scores on questions testing grasp of fundamentals.

4. Pupils did as well with paper and pencil as with the machine. After four months of training with the machine, paper-and-pencil tests proved decisively that the machine not only does not impair, but tremendously improves independent manual skills in arithmetic.

The machines make things better for parents, too. A young father told me soon after the program started that he arrived home one

night to find his nine-year-old boy waiting excitedly to demonstrate his adding machine. He'd carted it home in his express wagon, with the teacher's consent.

"Do you know how to do subtraction by complements?" he asked

his dad. The latter confessed he didn't.

"I'll show you," his son said.

"And he did a good job, too," said the father a little incredulously. "I didn't have any trouble at all understanding it!"



the Open Door

THE annual parish bazaar was in full swing. But it was a Friday, and a Holy Name member jokingly complained to one of the Fathers present about the sodality selling hot dogs at a Catholic bazaar on an abstinence day.

The resourceful hot-dog vender, knowing the remark was really meant for her, retorted: "For your information, we have many good Protestant friends here who may eat hot dogs on Friday, and still go to heaven." One of those Protestant friends was astounded to hear a Catholic admit that a Protestant could get into heaven. He sought explanations, instructions, and finally admittance into the Church.

Joseph P. Riley.

THE DESCENDANTS of my great-grandfather, Judge Buckner Morris, among them two nuns, might not be Catholics today had not the judge been jailed for Confederate sympathies.

The judge drove from Maysville,

Ky., to Chicago in a prairie schooner. He enrolled his granddaughter, my mother, in a boarding school conducted by the Madames of the Sacred Heart; and hied himself into politics. He was a staunch Protestant, but a good friend of the Jesuits, to whom he often lent his carriage.

In the early 1860's he was imprisoned for active sympathy with the rebels detained at Fort Douglas. The Jesuit Fathers visited him, asking what he needed. "Nothing," he replied, "except some books to help pass the time in this Damnyankee jail."

"But we have only one kind of books, Catholic books."

"Bring them along," said the strict Protestant. "Anything to help me forget."

But the Jesuit books stirred up the judge's fine mind, and immediately upon his release, he and his entire family were received into the Church.

Sister Mary Laetitia, R.S.M.

Ten tips from a state trooper's book about today's traffic hazards

Drive as Cops Drive—and Live!

By EDWARD D. FALES, JR.

Condensed from *Better Homes and Gardens**

SHOPPERS AT A grocery store near Laurel, Md., looked up as they heard a frantic horn, then the smashing of metal and glass. But the clerks didn't bother to look. To them, the crash was an old story. Another shopper, on her way to the store, had stopped in the middle of roaring U.S. 1, waiting to turn left into a parking lot. A speedy convertible had come up from behind, and smashed into her rear bumper.

A state trooper, helping pull the battered cars apart, commented, "This is such an old-fashioned accident! So many people," he went on, "still drive as they did in 1945. They still stop in traffic to make left turns—you can't do that in 1955. And they still seem awfully surprised when a car stops suddenly ahead of them. What we need today is to modernize our driving."

Of all drivers on U.S. highways today the most modern are prob-

ably the police themselves. And so the cop could speak with authority. A policeman would never have tried a left turn against heavy traffic on a highway. Nor would he have collided, in an unguarded moment, with a car stopped on the highway. For policemen, exposed

day and night to all sorts of traffic perils, have learned to take special precautions. Even if your own driving is quite modern (as it may be if you drive a great deal), you will find these driving tips helpful.

1. *Never stop on any highway.* This is the first rule in the policeman's book. "Keep it moving or get it off the road," is a good rule for any driver.

"Years ago," said a Michigan cop, "you could stop with some safety on a highway. But our roads are getting to be like railroad tracks. Heavy traffic now comes so fast that it can't possibly stop.



*1714 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa, May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

"We know that if we stop even with only two wheels on the road, chances are that someone will hit us from the rear or sideswipe us."

Most shoulders are wide enough to accommodate a car. When you are stopping or sightseeing on a highway, pull entirely off the road.

2. *What to do in "new rain."* A few years ago, there was no "new rain" problem. But today's roads are so coated with traffic film that "new rain" can make them as slick as ice. The rain and film produce a soapy slipperiness.

Here are three police hints. If it's a heavy downpour, cut speed sharply for half an hour. "It takes 30 minutes," said a New Jersey trooper, "for heavy rain to wash the traffic film off the road."

A light rain doesn't take the film away so fast, and the roads are slick for a full hour. A light drizzle causes skidding for two full hours.

"Accidents happen—bang, bang, bang!—until the film washes off," a Maryland trooper said, "and then the accident calls let up."

3. *Don't try out-of-date turns.* Troopers in many states have decided that left turns against oncoming traffic are out-of-date. They've simply stopped trying to make them.

"If you have to turn left from a busy road, keep going until you come to a traffic light, or a gas station, even if it's two miles away," some New Jersey troopers have told their wives. "Make your

turn there, when it's safe, and come back. Never stop on a highway to wait for a left turn."

At Jessup, Md., troopers won't even turn into their own barracks if they have to cut across U.S. 1 when it's busy. They go to the next traffic light and come back.

4. *Watch traffic lights some distance ahead.* Many drivers still approach a light as they did in 1945. They roar down the road, see the light, then wait until the last minute to slam on the brakes, stopping inches from the car ahead.

"And they now become 'sitting ducks,'" said a trooper. "The first high-speed driver who can't see well will push all the bumpers together. It happens every day."

This particular Michigan trooper, approaching a traffic light on a fast road: a. Begins his slowdown half a mile back. b. Fans his brake lightly with his foot to flash a warning behind him. In this way he forces cars behind to slow down and come under full control before he risks stopping in front of them. Sometimes, by slowing down so far back, he avoids having to stop at all. The light turns green.

5. *Look out for those railroad tracks!* When there is a line of traffic at grade crossings, many drivers still show old-fashioned "bumper-chasing" habits. Then, if the line stops suddenly, they're trapped on the tracks. They are too close to the car ahead to pull out, and there's no room to back up.

State police, wary of crossings, always "lie-back" to avoid being trapped if a train comes.

6. *Prepare early for right turns.* Troopers now prepare long in advance not only for stops but also for right turns. A good many motorists, police say, still wait too long to get into position for a turn. Then they find the way blocked.

A trooper making a right turn is often in the right lane for half a mile or more before he makes his turn.

7. *What a puff of smoke can tell you.* Michigan troopers, preparing to overtake a car, always watch for a smoke puff from its exhaust pipe.

A lazy puff may mean the driver has just taken his foot off the gas and is preparing to turn. A sharp spurt of smoke may mean he's suddenly speeding up, and you may have trouble if you try to pass him.

8. *Be extra careful with left turns.* Old style: Waiting to turn left at street corners, most drivers have always stood with wheels turned in the direction they want to go.

New style: Today, troopers stand with wheels pointing straight ahead. Then, if they should get bumped from behind, they aren't likely to be pushed into a head-on collision with oncoming traffic.

Furthermore, with wheels in a straight position, the trooper can take off faster down the street if he sees there's a possibility of his being hit.

9. *Watch that left front-wheel*

"signal." When a car is coming toward him in the daytime, a trooper keeps his eyes on its left front wheel. By so doing, he can anticipate any surprise turns before the car begins to swerve into his lane.

10. *Always look for room to "run."* "Above all," says Indiana's State Police Superintendent Frank A. Jessup, "troopers always look for outs, outs, outs!"

"They're always searching the road edge for a place to run. Every day, we find ourselves putting more time and more room between ourselves and other cars."

A man on U.S. 40, near Rifle, Colo., saw headlights coming far ahead. In his mirror, he saw other headlights, a mile behind, overtaking him at terrific speed.

"I was scared," he said. "I had always planned what I would try to do if two cars met beside me. These cars looked as if they might do it. I began scanning the road's edge. I was afraid to stop because the man behind me was driving as if he might be drunk. (He was.)

"He missed me by inches. But 150 feet ahead of me, he hit the oncoming car. It was a sideswipe, and it pulled the approaching car around until he was headed directly toward me. He* was going to come right through my windshield.

"It was sheer reflex that spun my wheel to the right. I hit a small dirt drive leading to a ranch. It was enough to boost me across the ditch, and then I was in a peach

orchard, where I managed to stop. I had missed a head-on collision by a split second. I never would have escaped if I had not been planning it that way for years.

"You see, I must have acted by instinct. I had always hoped that if I ever had to 'take the ditch,' I'd be able to jump across at some farmer's driveway!"



Hearts Are Trumps

MY GRANDMOTHER was widowed in her 50th year. Grandpa had never been able to earn much, and he left her nearly penniless. To help make ends meet, she advertised for a roomer.

Next day a man called in answer to the ad. He had a rather shifty eye; grandma didn't like the look of him. Besides, he had two young boys with him, one about 13, the other perhaps 10.

"I advertised for *a* roomer," grandma protested. "I've no place to put three!"

"But we're desperate," the man insisted. "My wife ran out on me, and we spent so much on hired help and in searching for her that we lost our home. Come on, one room will do for all of us."

Seeing tears spring into the smaller boy's eyes, grandma quickly relented. But later she almost regretted her generous impulse. The man, alas, proved little better than the mother. Often he came home drunk, and sometimes he vented his bitterness on the two young boys. Many times, grandma felt that it was more than she could bear, and she would be on the point of turning them out. "But of course I couldn't do that," she once said afterward. "Those kids had nobody to turn to—nobody!"

Instead, grandma took it upon herself to become the boys' "mama" and disciplinarian. The lads were often in trouble at school, and it was grandma who would go over to see the principal, or sit down to help them with their homework. In time, the boys were doing well at their studies, and the respect they felt for the stern old lady gradually developed into love.

Years have passed. The father is now dead, and both boys are men. One of them entered the navy, and from points all over the globe come letters and gifts for grandma. And whenever he is in town, her home is his first port of call.

The other is an electrician. He still makes his home with grandma, but now it is *he* who looks after *her*. Grandma, now in her 70's, is not so well as she once was, but she knows that whenever she has need, there is a strong right arm for her to lean on.

Mrs. Greg C. Gormaly, Jr.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

They are really slightly to the right of Louis XIV

The Anti-Anti-Communists

By MAX EASTMAN

Condensed from

*"Reflections on the Failure of Socialism"**

IN TIMES OF revolutionary upheaval men change the meanings of words. For example, the Marxian revolutionists detached the name *working class* from the actual workers and attached it to a party of believers in the Marxian theory. That maneuver set the style for calling it "liberation" when the Red army marches in and arrests, jails, rapes, deports, or shoots 30% of a nation's population. They call the resulting tyranny a "people's democracy."

Such crude tricks of demagogues can, with a little ingenuity, be seen through. But they are only an artful exaggeration of natural tendencies that are more slow-moving, more subtle, and more dangerous to the life of truth.

The word *left* has, over the last 100 years, gone through a change quite as complete as that suffered by *liberation* and *democracy*. At first, in the democratic revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries, "the left" meant the people and groups that stood for the individual and his liberties as against the "constituted authorities." In the French National assembly of 1789, the no-

bles still commanded enough respect to receive places of honor at the right of the speaker, and the radicals naturally drew off as far as possible to the other side. Seats in the center remained for those having temperate views.

In many European parliaments the practice was continued, and the words *right*, *left*, and *center* took on political significance. The nobles were soon outside the building altogether, but still "on the right." The anarchists, who believed in absolute individual freedom, were outside too, but they were the "extreme left."

Soon there was common agreement about the meaning of the two terms. The "man of the right" was characterized in general by a taste for uniforms, badges, and emblems of hierarchical distinction. The "man of the left" liked a plain suit of clothes; and the farther to the left, the plainer and simpler, until you reached the soft collar and cap and loose flowing tie of the Bohemian rebel.

The man of the right liked titles and ceremonies; he addressed people with careful regard for the dis-

*Copyright 1955 by Max Eastman, and reprinted with permission of the Devin-Adair Co., 23 E. 26th St., New York City 10, 127 pp. \$2.75.

tance between them. He revered personages. The man of the left shook hands and said hello to everybody.

The man of the right was for law and order as good in themselves. The man of the left was for law primarily as a defense of the rights of the citizen and his liberties.

The man of the right was inclined to respect accepted opinions. The man of the left was ready to kick over accepted ways of thinking and go in for independent inquiry on any subject.

All these traits gave meaning to the terms *left* and *right*, but most of all to the attitude toward constituted authority, the state.

The words *left* and *right* have now exactly changed places. In America, and I think in all Western countries, a "leftist" is now a man unhorrorified by the Soviet tyranny. Such a man applauds the gigantic overgrowth of the state. At the same time, the Russians have restored epaulettes, salutes, emblems, and insignia of rank. "Comrade Stalin" was transformed first into "Marshal" and then "Generalissimo." The Red Army has adopted the goose step!

The ordinary Russian feels a reverence passing almost into obedience for a personage. He has accepted or found excuses for a system of law which, instead of defending men's liberties, is focused upon suppressing them, and which

could be replaced by administrative decrees, or mere decisions of the state police. He took opinions handed down by infallible authorities. He accepted a fixed hierarchy of caste in civil and industrial as well as in military and political life. In short, every choice, every trait and mode of behavior, that once had given meaning to the word *right* is now supported or condoned by those claiming to belong to the left. Many once stout-hearted liberals are now actually willing to kneel at the feet of the unqualified tyrants enthroned in the Kremlin.

I have been all my life a man of the left, and have experienced no inner change or conversion. Thus, I find it painful when someone alludes to my present political opinions as "rightist" or as representing "the right."

Modern democracy arose and lives under a banner inscribed with two ideals: liberty and equality. They were combined in our Declaration of Independence. They were combined in the fighting slogan of the French Revolution, which became the motto of the French Republic. They are combined in all properly constituted July 4th orations. The phrase "free and equal" has been almost as current in America as the word *democracy* itself.

To our forebears, the two words had much the same meaning. Freedom meant electing your own government by popular vote; equality

meant that each citizen has one vote. Freedom meant the rule of law; equality meant that all men are equal before the law. Freedom meant that there should be no publicly recognized social barriers; equality meant the same thing. There was no confusion, because life was simple and the earth roomy.

But life became complex, crowded, and industrialized, and we began to think in terms of economics. Then a basic conflict between the two ideas emerged. If men are economically free, inequalities in wealth will develop among them. Conversely, men cannot be held to economic equality, or anything approaching it, without restraint by force.

The Socialists brought in the idea of extending democratic ideals to the economic relations of men; and Marx made the idea look practical. He proposed to make equality economic by abolishing the competitive market, and having all wealth produced and distributed by the state. Freedom, he promised, would follow of itself. After a transitional period of dictatorship, the state would, in fact, wither away.

With that notion of a transition period Marx concealed the inescapable head-on conflict between liberty and equality. He concealed the fact that, as between the two, he had chosen equality, not liberty, a classless society, to use his term. He was prepared to let the state do

what had to be done to bring it into being. He concealed from the left, or at least a major part of it, that he really belonged to the right.

I do not mean that Marx consciously concealed these facts, or that he was hypocritical about the "withering away" of the state. He believed in his wishful system. Lenin also believed in it. But he, too, was by temperament, except in his social habits, a man of the right.

During the Russian revolution Lenin rallied to his banner of transitional dictatorship the leftist social revolutionaries, and even a few anarchists. But they soon saw what an instrument of regimentation his party was. They withdrew, and watched with dismay—those who were not imprisoned or executed—while he laid the foundations of a party-state that would become more contemptuous of the individual man and his freedom than any other regime in history.

The Marxists held that political freedom meant freedom only for the exploiting classes, and their motive was to make all men equally free. That concept does resolve in abstract logic the conflict between the two ideals. But in practical action it resolves nothing, for it makes the base of all freedom economic. It is economic equality that is to "set the proletariat and therewith all society free." And this equality, as events have a thousand times proven, cannot be established or maintained without wide-

spread, violent restraints. Marx's "society of the free and equal" is a contradiction in terms. In no conceivable society can men be in the economic sense equal *and* free.

Our extreme democrats [now often called anti-anti-communists] still wish, in varying degrees, to extend democracy into the field of economic relations. They still take it for granted that democracy implies freedom as well as equality. No one of them has made a conscious choice between the two directive ideas: freedom from state

control, and equality enforced by a controlling state. But unconsciously they have—partly under the influence of Marxism, partly of a new secular humanitarianism which replaces the churchly religion—plumped without reservation for the controlling state. They are still to their own thought on "the left," but their tolerance of centralized authority, of state rule over the will of the individual, exceeds, in many cases, that of the extreme right in the days when those terms first acquired a political meaning.

Cracks Behind the Curtain

AT A MEETING of American communists, the discussion leader asked for comment or questions.

A member stood up hesitantly. "Comrade speaker," he asked timidly, "what happens to my unemployment-compensation checks when we overthrow the government?"

Woodmen of the World.

THE COMMUNISTS last year were caught in a bit of trick photographic propaganda. They released a picture of a wonderful children's sanatorium supposedly located near Odessa, Russia. The communists' mistake was to run the picture in a Romanian magazine. The sanatorium was built in prewar days in Romanian Bessarabia.

Christian Science Monitor.

A FARMER walked into a Moscow agency, and timidly asked about buying a government bond. "If I buy this one for 1,000 rubles," he began, "what kind of guarantee have I that I'll be paid back?"

The agency head smiled. "Ah, comrade, the best assurance in the world. Each bond is backed by Premier Bulganin."

"Well," hesitated the farmer, "suppose he should die?"

"Then, comrade, the entire Communist party will back it up."

The farmer was stubborn. "What if the party should dissolve?"

The agency head looked around quickly, then whispered, "Ah, comrade, wouldn't that be worth 1,000 rubles?"

Columbus Star.

A U.S. Congressman

*Meet Representative Macdonald. He
has a job like your man's job
in Congress.*



SAM RAYBURN LEANED toward the microphone on the speaker's rostrum, and said: "If the members will rise, I will now administer the oath of office."

In every part of the hall, representatives rose in waves from their seats. The steady buzz of conversation faded into silence. All but seven of the 435 representatives were on hand to take the oath of office. It was the opening day of the 84th Congress of the United States.

Rayburn knew personally most of the men and women standing before him. There was the usual crop of new faces, too—56 of them, to be exact. In the fifth row on the Democrats' side of the aisle was one of the freshmen, Torbert Macdonald of Massachusetts.

At noon that Wednesday, Jan. 5, the clerk had called the roll; first, to see if a quorum was present, then a second time, to elect a speaker of the House of Representatives.

You can find Macdonald's first vote on page seven of the *Congressional Record*. Rayburn received 226 votes to Joe Martin's

198. In the list of those voting for Democrat Rayburn, under M, you'll find: "McCarthy, McCormack, McDowell, McMillan, Macdonald. . . ."

Just eight days later, Torbert Macdonald was elected to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Looking on from the gallery that afternoon were his pretty wife, former movie star Phyllis Brooks, his two eldest children, and his proud parents.

He was the first Democrat elected from Massachusetts' traditionally Republican 8th Congressional district. The 8th takes in some wealthy Boston suburbs; but Democrat Macdonald won last November's election. His margin: 9,000 votes.

Some two weeks after the session opened, his Democratic colleagues elected Macdonald majority whip for the New England Congressional delegation.

Many parents dissuade sons or daughters from entering politics. A congressman is not always regarded with respect. Yet, the successful politician who is elected to the House of Representatives has

enormous power and responsibility.

The average congressman represents 373,400 citizens. During the last five years he has had a vote in the spending of an average of \$58.6 billion a year. And he has a hand in making decisions which ultimately touch the lives of most of the earth's inhabitants.

If there is such a person as an "average" congressman, he is somewhat past middle age, more often than not has already served a few years in Congress, and usually has had some political experience prior to his election. It is safe to generalize, then, that the average congressman is no babe in the political forest.

Three-fourths of the legislators in the average session of Congress are college graduates; many are lawyers; more than half are veterans.

It isn't easy to obtain information about the national and racial backgrounds of congressmen. Their religious backgrounds are better known. A survey of the 77th Congress revealed that some 71% of the members were Protestants, 18% Catholics, and just over 1% Jews. Macdonald is a Catholic.

Although the House of Representatives does not begin its sessions until noon, the average representative is at his desk early in the morning. If he wants to keep his hand on the pulse of public opinion in his home state, he must examine his mail carefully. Most congressmen answer every letter.

During the morning, visitors from back home drop in at the representative's office; and other congressmen may visit him to discuss legislation. As the session moves forward, each member of Congress must participate in committee meetings. Many such meetings begin during the morning, and continue most of the day. This accounts for some absences from the floor of the House.

To assist him with his work, the congressman has an office staff which usually includes one administrative assistant and several secretaries.

Like a majority of his congressional colleagues, Torbert Macdonald of Massachusetts is a lawyer. After graduating from Harvard Law school in 1946, he served as legal assistant to Eric Johnston, then czar of the movie industry.

Then he became, successively, a New England trial attorney for the National Labor Relations board; a legal adviser to the Congressional Labor committee for its European survey; and legal adviser to his old friend, Senator John Kennedy, in connection with a 1953 labor-and-manpower survey of defense in Western Europe.

When the Democrats were looking around for a candidate to oppose the Republican incumbent in the 8th Congressional district, they asked Macdonald if he would take the nomination. He accepted—and won, much to the surprise of even

his own state Democratic committee.

As a teen-ager, Macdonald learned leadership in athletics. His first try was a flop. He went out for high-school football in his home town, Malden, Mass.; but failed even to make the squad.

However, the next year he transferred to the near-by Medford High school, and made the state's all-scholastic eleven. A natural athlete, he also became captain of the Medford track team, and a star basketball player.

After his high-school graduation in 1934, Macdonald attended Phillips Andover academy, where he was put on the scholastic honor roll, and became captain of the baseball team as well.

For four straight years, he starred in baseball, football, and track at Harvard. In 1939 he ran on the Harvard-Yale track team that toured Europe. The following year he was captain of the Harvard football squad.

When he was graduated in 1940, he turned down a Rhodes scholarship; instead, he signed, for a handsome bonus, as an outfielder with the New York Yankees.

"I traveled with the Yankees for that summer," he recalls. "But their regular outfielders then were Keller, DiMaggio, and Heinrich. You can see what chance I had of breaking into the line-up."

He entered Harvard Law school in the fall of 1940; and paid for his

tuition with his summer baseball bonus and salary.

When the Yanks gave Macdonald another bid in 1942 for spring training, he gave them a final No; he hasn't donned a glove since, except to toss a few balls around with his son, Torbert, Jr.

In January, 1942, Macdonald quit law school to enlist in the navy. He served with Torpedo Boat Squadron 12 in the South Pacific; received a leg wound, and won the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

Shortly after his discharge as a navy lieutenant in 1945, he married Phyllis Brooks, whom he had met before the war while she appeared in a play in Boston. Although she was one of the better-known Hollywood stars at the time, she quit her career when she married.

"She's a really marvelous girl," says her admiring husband. "I had to go back to law school to get my degree. We had to live on practically nothing. But she never complained. A happy family life is more important to her than anything else."

The Macdonalds have purchased a home in Washington, D.C., where they live with their three children, Torbert, Jr., nine; Laurie, seven; and Brian, two years old.

Congressman Macdonald's background is fairly typical of that of his colleagues in the House. So is his photo album, which appears in this issue of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

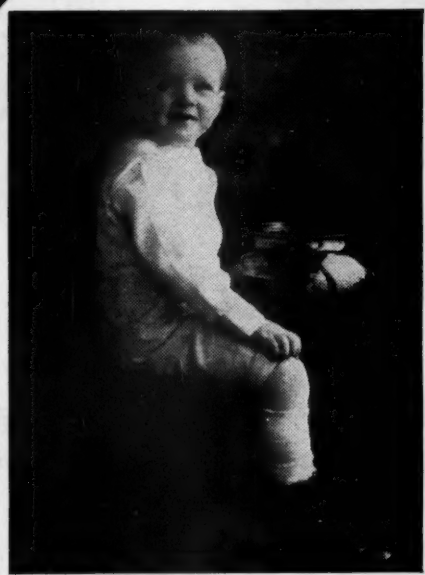
Congressman's

ALBUM

By Torby Macdonald

MY NAME is Torby Macdonald. I am 38, a Democrat. In Congress I represent the 8th District of Massachusetts. I'm a freshman—first term. On these pages is my album of photos. Some are old and yellow. A few are new. All are important, but only to me. There are blank spots in the pictures, too. They do not show the enormous help my wife has been to me, nor the assistance given by my old roommate, Senator John Kennedy. You probably have an album like this. It brings back memories.





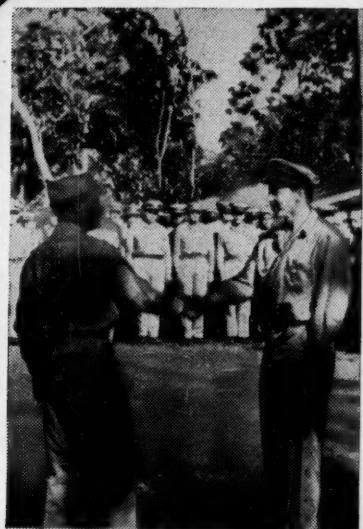
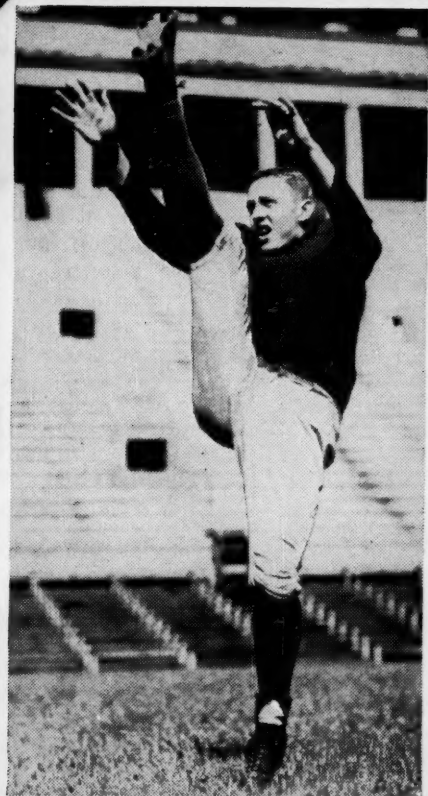
I was 4 years old. Mother removed the goldfish first.



what a difference between primary school and Harvard.



In Malden I taught Pat Lots of tricks. He was smart.



Admiral Kinkaid (left)
gave me the silver star.

I wore the Harvard Crimson with pride

when I was
elected
Congressman
I wanted Mother
to sit in my chair





Unc. Inc. Phyllis holds Brian. Laine & Torbert sit quietly

For a while
I was an outfielder
for the Yankees
- Now I show
Torbert how to
hold a ball



one more
Congressman
& family
in Washington



Now and then we
have a night at home
with the folks

this is a must,
Posing in front of the
Capitol Dome.





*the children
learn History
at First
Hand.*

*I can't help
but wonder
what kind of
pictures will be
posted in the
album in the
next 10 years.*



*A priest and some parish women catch up with
Juan and Armando and Felipe*

Catechism in the Tomato Patch



By EILEEN KELLEY

Condensed from *COR**

WE OF ST. MARY's parish used to think of missionaries as self-sacrificing Religious who taught far-away heathen. Our own mission activities were limited to collecting money and used clothing and sewing altar linens.

Then the cannery in our small Ohio town changed hands and was enlarged. Tomatoes became big business.

With increased tomato acreage came migrant workers, Spanish-speaking Texans of Mexican ancestry. They would live three or four months each year in rows of company-owned cracker-box houses. Gradually, we became accustomed to seeing the strangers, but our kindly pastor was their only visitor.

The migrants received the padre with respect. They fervently proclaimed themselves Catholics, but about the only time they would turn up at church was during the annual visit of a native Mexican priest. This priest could spend only

a few days each summer in parishes where Spanish-speaking people lived.

The situation worried our pastor. Finally he called together a group of parish women, chiefly housewives. "The problem is urgent," he told us. "The ancestry of these people is Catholic for hundreds of years. But the children aren't in one place long enough to make their First Communions; the parents feel strange and unwelcome in our churches; and thus each generation is getting a little farther away from the faith."

Father wanted us to teach the Mexican youngsters their catechism. "But the most important thing," he assured us, "is to extend friendship. Show these people that our faith is their faith, that they are welcome in our church."

We were a little dubious. "Mexicans all look alike to me," one woman confessed, "and I can't understand them even when they're speaking English."

*Hales Corners, Wis. July, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

But we gathered at the rectory again, this time to meet gracious Mrs. Juan Gonzales. She spoke excellent English, and was enthusiastic about our project. She would find other English-speaking helpers for us.

So, one warm summer evening, several cars of parish women armed themselves with English-Spanish catechisms and a big box of cookies. They drove down the rutty road to the Mexican camp behind the canning factory. The cabins were tiny and crude. From one came the soft strum of a guitar.

Then we saw Father, briefly, as he crossed between two cabins, a crowd of tots at his heels. I thought of another tall Figure who walked in the amethyst twilight of far-off hills with a group of olive-skinned children running beside Him. Suddenly, I wanted desperately to help in whatever small way I could.

Father rounded up 50 school-age children, who grinned at us bashfully.

The only classroom we could find was an open shed. It had a thick carpet of straw; and we laid boards across tomato hampers for benches.

After the Rosary and a few hymns, we each met a Mexican woman who would be helper and interpreter. Then we divided up the children, passed out catechisms, and called it an evening. While we made arrangements to meet each Tuesday and Thursday evening,

we distributed our cookies to eager little hands.

I was assigned seven boys between six and nine, and I went home trying to remember who was Arturo and who Leonardo and Domingo.

For a time, the work went slowly. Then suddenly we weren't strangers any more: all of us found that a smile is the same in any language. We could easily pick out our own pupils; and our assistants had become special friends.

Rosina, who had three tow-headed sons at home, especially enjoyed her class of dark-eyed little girls. When Kathleen's husband was unable to baby-sit one evening, she brought along her own chubby five-year-old, and little Kathy sat happily between Mina and Antonia, praying fervently with them.

Josephine's only son had just left for military service, and she assuaged her loneliness by devoting herself to the biggest boys. The one Mexican custom to which she never became accustomed was that of giving boys the name of Jesus. She taught a 12-year-old Jesus diligently, but she never failed to lower her tone reverently when she addressed him or spoke of him.

Most of our children never missed a class, and we had, in addition, a group of women who attended faithfully. They sat beaming in a row along one side, like duennas at a ball, tending the babies of the younger women who

helped us teach. Clearly, our visits were their social events of the week.

Slowly, the soft liquid Spanish that swelled and ebbed about us began to lose its foreign sound. We attempted *Buenas noches* and *Hasta la vista* on our own. It is a truly beautiful language that has such gentle farewells as "Go with God" and "Sleep with the angels."

I loved to see my boys make the Sign of the Cross in the Spanish fashion, forming a cross of thumb and forefinger, as they crossed forehead, lips and breast. We never interfered with any of their customs, and taught the children their prayers first in Spanish. Then we repeated them in English, so that they would sound familiar in church.

Our little customers for knowledge faithfully tried to please. One of the questions in the catechism was "What is the best thing that God has made?" the answer being "*Hombre*" (Man). Six-year-old Ruben looked puzzled when I queried him. Thinking that he had not understood, I repeated the question, painfully, from the Spanish side of the page.

But Ruben was only meditating. His face brightened: "A fiesta!"

All our "missionaries" loved their work. They hurried housework and gave up amusements, but never missed catechism night. They would discuss "my boys" and "my girls" on the church steps after Sunday Mass. We all learned that

the gem of faith shines even more brightly when you share it with someone else.

The children learned quickly, and more and more of them and their parents came to Mass on Sunday. They greeted us happily on the street. But we had got a late start, and our time went rapidly.

Father assured us that even our small beginning was an achievement. "Of course, real effects will come only if all parishes with migrants duplicate our efforts," he admitted. "But this work is being strongly urged, and becoming gradually more widespread."

Next year, we'll begin earlier. We're planning a winter Spanish study club.

But when the first frost touches the maples with autumn glory it also blackens the tomato vines. Our parish children answer the school bell once more. Our other children, the dark-haired ones, go away. Maybe one of my boys will turn up in your parish.

It may be round-faced Ruben, who loves a fiesta, or curly-topped Armando, who still sometimes blesses himself wrong-side first, because his teacher had more zeal than experience.

They've learned the Act of Contrition and started on the Commandments. They are almost ready for first Confession and First Communion. If some of my boys come your way, won't you help them with their faith?

Attention to five simple rules can save you a lot of grief

When Not to Do It Yourself

By THEODORE IRWIN
Condensed from *This Week**

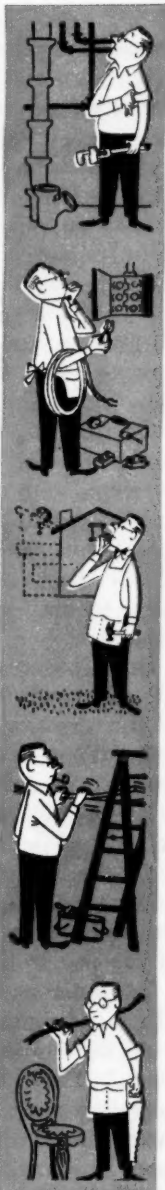
MALCOLM BREWER decided to install an attic fan in his Long Island home. The job was a cinch, he thought, and he'd save the cost of an electrician. As it turned out, it cost Mr. Brewer his life. His hands were wet with perspiration when he touched a live wire. He took the full force of the current and was electrocuted.

Another determined Mr. Fixit, in the Midwest, was luckier. He spent weeks installing an oil burner to replace his electric hot-water heater. To save space in his basement, he hit on the idea of placing the burner in his garage. Shortly after, a building inspector drove by, noticed the burner in the garage, and halted to check. The burner was improperly wired and its location constituted a fire hazard.

Mr. Fixit, who had no permit, had to call in a licensed heating man to remove the burner to the basement; cost: \$300. If he'd used

a skilled craftsman at the beginning, the bill would have run to no more than \$150.

The do-it-yourself boom is creating a new generation of sparetime carpenters, painters, plumbers, roofers and general handy-men. A recent survey reveals that two out of three homeowners in America do their own general carpentry and repair work, three out of four do interior painting, half of them repair their own electrical appliances, one out of three makes his own furniture. They're beating the



*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, March 13, 1955. Copyright 1955 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

high cost of labor, and they're also getting a recreational kick out of what used to be chores. It's a thoroughly healthy trend.

But in their enthusiasm, many do-it-yourselfers are coming to grief. Each year, according to a study by the Institute for Safer Living, an average of 638,000 suffer disabling injuries while doing their own home repairs or improvements. To that figure, add the countless victims of all the other possible snares—building-code violations, needless expense, wasted time and effort, bruised egos—and you can see that do-it-yourself can have its disadvantages. Much grief will be avoided by following a few simple rules.

1. *Is the project too ambitious?*

One do-it-yourselfer in a Cleveland suburb started to build a garage, and discovered that the framework wasn't plumb. He had to pull the whole thing down, and start over again.

Undaunted by this mishap, a neighbor decided to pine-panel his living room. After struggling desperately to make the panels fit, and wasting 25% of his expensive lumber, he called a carpenter.

In Springfield, Mass., a foreman in an aeronautics plant was convinced that he could build his own house for only \$8,000. After working at it week ends for more than three years, he eventually had his house, at a cost of \$14,000. Now he wishes he had engaged a contractor; then his family would have

been living in the house for those three years.

And then there was the man who drafted his wife to help him build a bedroom in his attic. After she finished tacking insulating paper between the room partitions and the outside walls, she discovered that she was nailed in between the inner and outer walls!

Before starting an intricate project, prepare a comprehensive plan, study it, and make sure it's exactly what you want. Ask yourself: "Is it practical? Is it worth the effort and cost involved? Will I have the time to carry it through?" If you've any serious doubt, don't do it yourself.

2. *Are you violating a code?*

Many a homeowner has attempted to convert a closet into an extra bathroom, and monkeyed with water and waste pipes, only to learn that he was violating the local plumbing or health code. Many amateurs don't know when their pipe connections will lead to contamination of their drinking water.

Fire regulations are often broken, too. A common violation is to put flammable partitions in the basement recreation room, too close to the furnace. Or the home handyman may extend an electrical circuit to floodlight the backyard and flout the electrical code. Building an extension to a home may violate zoning laws.

Except in rural areas, most communities have laws requiring a per-

mit and application for inspection on major electrical or plumbing work. Minimum standards of safety must be met. Often only a licensed plumber or electrician is allowed to do the work. Refusal to correct a violation may lead to having the electricity or gas disconnected. In case of fire traceable to improper wiring, a homeowner without a local electrical inspector's permit may have trouble collecting his insurance.

So leave your plumbing and wiring alone, except for minor repairs. If you do make alterations, be certain you obey the local codes and receive a certificate of inspection. Before making structural changes in your house, consult your local building inspector and get a permit. His advice is free. And he may save you a lot of work and money.

3. *Do you have the know-how?* Simple misuse of tools has converted many a dream project into a nightmare. One amateur, determined to modernize his living room, used a screw driver instead of a thin glazier's chisel to remove his baseboard molding. The mess he made of his walls and molding almost drove his wife out of the house.

Sometimes a do-it-yourselfer will try to bore a hole in a concrete wall with an ordinary bit on his power drill, instead of a masonry bit. He burns up his bit.

So make sure you have the right

equipment for the job—and the know-how.

4. *Is the project loaded with trouble?* Exterior paint on a house may be alligatored, checked, blistered or loose. A new paint job on such a house is a gamble unless the old paint is burned off, and the amateur may damage his siding with a burner. For wallpapering, surfaces must be smooth; bumps will pull the paper and seams will not meet.

Then there's the common problem of how to go about painting the ceiling above a stairwell, generally about 16 feet high. How many do-it-yourselfers can build a secure scaffold in such an awkward place?

Replacing a split shingle may look easy. But without the know-how, a homeowner pulling out one shingle may find himself cracking a dozen others until he realizes the trouble he's in.

A thoughtless do-it-yourselfer may rip a hole in his roof to build a shed dormer. Comes a heavy rain, and he's frantic. (Experts say it's wiser, although a little more costly, to first build a new roof over the dormer and then rip out the old.)

So unless you're fully prepared to handle all the complications that may turn up in a project, call in a professional.

5. *Is danger involved?* The homeowner who used an ungrounded electric drill in his back yard, when

the ground was wet, ended up at the undertaker's. So did an amateur who was electrocuted when he put up his television aerial.

Of the 638,000 victims of fix-it accidents reported in the Institute for Safer Living survey, 386,000 involved a ladder and 252,000 the use of carpentry tools. Almost always, tools and equipment were either misused or defective.

Homeowners who attempt to repair a konked-out oil burner may throw out of adjustment built-in safety devices and cause a serious fire.

Doctors have had to warn patients when *not* to do-it-themselves. Men with high blood pressure, heart trouble, or a weak back are advised to avoid heavy carpentry. Men subject to attacks of dizziness should stay off ladders. Arduous

tasks like building retaining walls can develop back injuries. After prolonged overhead work, such as painting ceilings, a man may end up with a lame shoulder that remains with him for weeks or years. So do it yourself only if you can do it safely.

One final word of advice: don't become discouraged too easily. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bright, Monterey Park, Calif., recently finished their swimming pool, built of concrete blocks five feet above the ground. They planned a party to celebrate their achievement. The night before the party, water pressure burst the pool apart, flooding the neighborhood.

Next morning the Brights, dauntless do-it-yourselfers, began to build a barbecue pit out of what was left of the pool.



Tumultitude of children.

Mary C. Dorsey

Snare-drum rattle of rain.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

A crystal candlestick of a girl.

Sinclair Lewis

Lighthouse swinging its sword at the raging sea.

G. Buckingham

Butterfly fanning a rose.

G. Buckingham

He played the trumpet "like he was telling the truth."

Jackie Gleason

A little face buttoned to the window-pane.

Marcelene Cox

Scarlet clouds curtaining the sunset.

Mary C. Dorsey

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Where red tape is Red tape

Tales of Soviet China

By PRESTON SCHOYER

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine**

"STRANGE SONG," once popular with the Chinese communists, has been banned since they rose to power. It goes:

*Few strange things happened
in past years,
But many strange things
happened this year.
The moon rises in the west,
And the sun sets in the east.
What a strange thing!
The tiger entered the house
in the middle of the night.
I asked him what he came for,
and he said he came to
protect the lambs.
I entered the city early in the
morning and saw dogs biting
men.
The dogs were allowed to bark
but the men were not
allowed to talk.
Men beg for rice from rats,
And scholars have become
robbers.
The larks weep and the owls
laugh.
Even the little ghosts in the
Temple of the City Gods
sing in daytime.*

During the last three years in



Hong Kong I have collected stories of life in communist China. They may help bring alive a world where larks weep and owls laugh.

A Son and His Father

YOUNG CHAO was the only son of a wealthy Shanghai family. He was paralyzed with fear when the communists seized the city.

He got a job which put him in touch with communist officials. Young Chao could often be seen reading communist tracts. At political meetings, he would always applaud communist lecturers louder than anyone else. Several times he informed on less enthusiastic colleagues.

But young Chao was still fearful.

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. March 27, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

To be really safe, he thought, he must get the Red card that meant membership in a communist workers' union. Young Chao applied himself with feverish diligence. He passed test after test. At last the officials told him that he was ready for the final test. He must denounce his father.

Young Chao hesitated, but only for a moment. His denunciation attributed the growth of his father's wealth to sinister actions that had never taken place. The communists were very pleased, and gave young Chao the card he so desperately coveted.

Word of his behavior leaked out, however, and soon reached the ears of his father. Dazed and grief-stricken, the father wandered through the city till he came to one of the bridges that span Soochow creek.

His dead body was fished from the stream the following morning.

That evening, two policemen came to young Chao's quarters and placed him under arrest.

"I had nothing to do with my father's death," he screamed with fright.

"It doesn't matter," they said, and led him off to prison.

Nor did it. In the inflexible application of communist logic, young Chao, by right of inheritance, had become the evil profiteer and enemy of the people he had so effectively denounced. He has not been heard of since.

The Hot-Water Bottle

MR. WEN was a dutiful young man. Because his mother complained of feeling chilly at night, he decided to buy her a hot-water bottle. Rubber was in great demand, and a prescription was necessary. But Mr. Wen didn't go to see the family doctor: the doctor had done them too many favors and they owed him too much money. Instead, he went to a hospital.

The official there refused his request. He lectured him instead on the need to sacrifice for the welfare of the people.

Mr. Wen was outraged, but managed to hold his temper. He sent his request to a distant relative in Hong Kong. A month later, much to his delight, he received a notice that a package awaited him at the Customs House.

But the customs officials had some questions. Why had he imported a hot-water bottle? Did he have any authority? Did he have a doctor's prescription? He said No, the bottle was a gift. They said that made no difference, it would have to be confiscated.

This time Mr. Wen blew up. "You officials are rotten," he blurted out. "You don't care if the people live or die."

The officials were polite; they didn't shout back. They took him to see a higher authority. By this time Mr. Wen was aghast at what he had said. He apologized pro-

fusely. But the higher official told him coldly that not only would the bottle be confiscated but he must also pay a fine. He added ominously that it might be necessary to report the incident to the police. Mr. Wen paid the fine and went home numb with terror. Indeed, such was the state of his nerves that he got an upset stomach and ran a slight fever. His alarmed mother called the family doctor.

The doctor said it was nothing serious, possibly an intestinal cold. He wrote out a prescription for some medicine, then his pencil paused.

"If you haven't a hot-water bottle," he suggested, "I can prescribe one."

Tiger and Taxes

MR. WANG worked for a firm that sold its products exclusively to the government. As his firm did a roaring business, he came to feel that there was real promise in the new democracy. Then came the Three-Anti movement. Its purpose was to eradicate corruption, waste, and bureaucracy from government offices.

The agency with which Mr. Wang dealt asked him to write a report exposing government workers guilty of the movement's three evils. Mr. Wang said he could think of no irregularity among any of his contacts. "That's all right," the officials told him. "Just write

down everything you can remember in your dealings with us. Leave nothing out, be meticulously honest."

When he was finished, he was told to wait a minute. The report needed to be approved by the agency's "tiger-beater" squad. Tiger beaters were the strong arm of the Three-Anti movement. Mr. Wang waited two hours. Then two men entered the room. They said his report was false and full of glaring omissions.

"You're a dirty profiteer!" they roared. "Come with us."

He was taken upstairs to the room of the tiger beaters.

"Here's another tiger," shouted Mr. Wang's escorts. "He's stolen government profits and bribed our workers to keep quiet."

"Beat him!" howled the tiger beaters, and Mr. Wang was shoved into a ring. In a few minutes a vicious blow knocked him unconscious.

When he came to, he was in a small room downstairs. For weeks, he saw no one. Then an official came to his room.

"It has been decided to send you to the Peoples' court," the official said. "That means you may never see your family again. This is your last chance to confess."

Mr. Wang could only shake his head.

"Very well," said the official, and led Mr. Wang out of the building. In the street, his manner miracu-

lously changed. "You must be tired," he said affably. "I suggest you go home and take a good long rest."

Mr. Wang did take a rest. He also changed his job for one that did not bring him into direct contact with the government. But he had hardly done so when the Five-Anti campaign began. This was aimed at corruption in private business.

Mr. Wang, now aware that it was safer to "confess" than to claim innocence, reported he had underpaid his taxes. He was allowed to go home after he had paid the extra amount plus a small fine. The officials even praised him for his frankness.

But two months later he was called to the Five-Anti headquarters again. This time the officials were angry. "We know all about you. You have tried to cheat the government by overpaying your taxes," they shouted. "This is an insult to the people!"

He was dumbfounded, and the more so when they returned the extra taxes. The fine was not returned because of his false confession. He left the office bewildered.

I met Mr. Wang in Hong Kong later that year. "You see," he explained, "the Five-Antis went too far. Business was paralyzed. To get it going again some of the money collected had to be returned. But,

of course, they could never admit that." He smiled wearily. "The party is always right."

A Frugal Man

MR. LAO was a frugal man who worried about finances. In Hankow, where he had a small shop, the communists made things difficult for him with taxes and "voluntary" donations. He was getting old, and his thoughts turned naturally toward death. As he soon might be unable to afford a decent coffin, he decided to buy one right away.

But it was scarcely delivered to his shop when the police came to see him. "Whose coffin is that?" they asked. He said it was his, and was promptly arrested.

At the Public Security bureau, he was informed that suicide was a crime and that his contemplated action sabotaged the morale of the people and was evidence of his harboring counterrevolutionary thoughts. The coffin was confiscated, and he was forced to pay a heavy fine.

So great was the shock of this misfortune that Mr. Lao couldn't eat and couldn't sleep. The tragedy seemed to have completely unbalanced him. Early one morning his wife heard him get out of bed and climb the stairs to the floor above. Then she heard a crash in the street below. When she reached him, Mr. Lao was dead.

The pioneers are back in the American small towns



Stay Home, Young Man

By H. CLAY TATE

Condensed from the *Rotarian**

HORATIO ALGER's philosophy is obsolete. Young people no longer have to go to the big city for fame and fortune. Vast population increases in the U.S. and movement of industry away from great cities make opportunity plentiful wherever you are.

Take the case of William B. Price, of my home town, Bloomington, Ill. Bill is still in his 20's. He could have gone to any great metropolitan center and earned a good living. He might have got rich. But he likes life in Bloomington. He wants to be close to the open country, and near his friends. He likes the cultural advantages and sound economy of Bloomington. He also wants to go it on his own. He has some of that pioneer spirit which built his country.

Bill and his wife Barbara quit their jobs and took a vacation in Europe to rest and think. In Florence, Italy, they saw beautiful handmade enameled jewelry. Couldn't

the art of making enameled jewelry fit into the do-it-yourself movement at home?

Seven months later, back home, Bill came up with a small kiln which can be plugged into any electric outlet. Along with it he assembled a kit of easy-to-use tools and materials. All this sells for less than \$7. Heretofore, the cheapest hobby kiln cost nearer \$100.

The Prices started assembling their new product in their basement. Hobby shops snapped it up. He had to turn over the selling job to an agency and devote full time to production. Friends came in to help. Demand mounted so fast that Bill had to move out of his basement to larger quarters.

In March, 1954, Bill thought he would be doing well to make 1,000 kilns a month. Six months later, he was employing 25 persons and turning out 1,000 kilns a day. He was working a small second shift

*1600 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Rotary International, and reprinted with permission.

to keep abreast of the demand.

In his first year of operation, Bill was headed for a gross business of half a million dollars or more. Now he expects to put up his own building to meet his special needs. In the works for the future are new items to fit into his production schedule.

Bill Price didn't have to go to a big city to make good.

Half the present working force in the U.S. is making and selling and servicing things not known 50 years ago. At the present accelerated rate of development, half of the working force 25 years from now will be engaged in making, selling, and servicing products not known today. They might well be made in your community by your own young people.

Suppose the young man in whom you are interested has no feel for inventing and manufacturing. He might take a lesson from Boyd Harris, of near-by Pontiac, Ill. After college, young Harris went to New York City. He began at a publishing company as a salesman, moved on up to managing editor of the science and technical-book division, and finally to administrative assistant to the president.

He married a New York girl. They wanted real family life; they took a long look at things; made a decision. They left New York for Harris' native Pontiac, where he entered the real-estate business.

"We made our decision to leave New York in the hope that our future family would profit by the move in health, experience, and pleasure," he said. "It was a long gamble."

The gamble paid off. Boyd and Mrs. Harris and their five children like their freedom of life away from the hurried city. The qualities of salesmanship that produced results in New York also produce results in Pontiac.

Gene Bertschi, of near-by Roanoke, Ill., turned his back on Horatio Alger. He gave up a promising position in a big company to return to Roanoke, where he opened a modest business making concrete building blocks. That business has grown, and Gene has spread out his operations to include subdivision developments. The energy and intelligence that earned promotions in a centralized economy produce results in his home town.

The stories of Bill Price, Boyd Harris, and Gene Bertschi are not isolated. They fit into the pattern of the new frontier, which is your own back yard. The smart young men in law and medicine, education and business, are beginning to see opportunity in their home towns.

But all young people do not go into business and the professions. Many of them are better suited to work as employees. Industry is accommodating them. Since 1946, at the close of the 2nd World War,

literally thousands of factories, warehouses, and retail establishments have sprung up in suburban areas and in or near small towns. The National Industrial Conference board reported in 1952 that out of 138 manufacturing firms surveyed, seven out of every ten were decentralizing in some degree.

The DuPont pattern is typical. Since 1937, the company has built 16 new plants. Of these, 12 are near small cities or towns. DuPont's publication, *Better Living*, found that 72.9% of the employees in the 12 plants were born within commuting distance of the places where they now work.

"The spread of industry into the less populated areas has made it possible for young people to find rewarding jobs and opportunities in their own towns," says *Better Living*. "No longer do they have to leave home and break ties of family and friendship. Industry has moved to the country for sound economic advantages. Good roads and transportation facilities spider-web the U. S., and large-scale power facilities are now plentiful in rural areas."

In 1953, American industries spent nearly \$28½ billion on expansion, and a similar total in 1954. The new plants are spread across the width and breadth of the land. More will be built to take care of demand from a population expected to reach 200 million long before the end of the century.

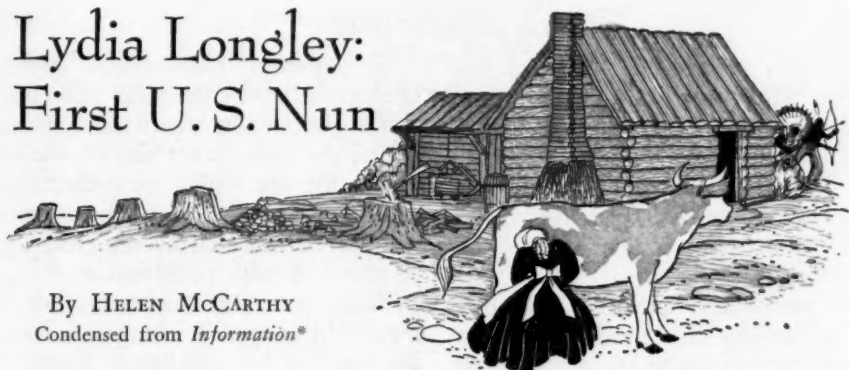
We can stop human erosion by balancing agriculture and industry in the outlying areas. So doing, we can elevate the standard of living of all the people in a community. The president of a leading advertising agency estimates that a man with a \$12,000 to \$15,000 New York income is "not as well off, so far as enjoying life is concerned, as his small-town counterpart with an income of \$5,000 or \$6,000. A man with \$75,000 in a big city probably gets no more out of life than a man with \$18,000 to \$20,000 in a small town, perhaps not as much."

We cannot overlook the fact that in the smaller community the individual counts. He can participate freely in civic and social affairs. He knows people of all walks of life as individuals and neighbors, not merely as mayor or bank president or farmer.

The era of the nonmetropolitan community is here. The spirit of the pioneers is abroad in the land. Barbara Ward, British author, said after a three-month tour of the U. S., "We had the impression that quietly, in many places, a stronger sense of neighborhood, of community, was making itself felt, a reknitting of a raveled fabric, a drawing together from the loneliness of our urban age."

This is the spirit that motivates Bill Price, Boyd Harris, Gene Bertschi, and the thousands of other young people who have found that life is good right at home.

Lydia Longley: First U.S. Nun



By HELEN MCCARTHY
Condensed from *Information**

Frances Allen, daughter of the Revolutionary War hero Ethan Allen, is usually credited with being the first New England girl to enter Religious life. Records of the Congregation de Notre Dame in Montreal, Canada, however, prove that the honor should go to Lydia Longley, Protestant-born, 1674, in Groton, Mass.

LYDIA LONGLEY's grandfather was one of the original proprietors of Groton. William, her father, was town clerk. In 1676, Indians laid siege to the little community, and those who were not killed abandoned Groton. It was two years before they summoned the necessary courage to return to such a dangerous wilderness, and rebuild their homes. But the ever-present threat of attack by Indians remained a frightening worry.

On the morning of July 27, 1694, William Longley noticed that his cattle were loose in the cornfield. A couple of the boys and their

An Indian ambush became a call to God

father ran out of the house, unarmed. Red savages sprang whooping from ambush. They killed William, his wife and five of the children. Lydia, her young sister Betty, and her 14-year-old brother John were captured.

The children were taken to Canada. The endless trek must have been a nightmare to them. They traveled on foot, and Betty died on the way. John was kept from starvation by chewing on a dog's foot, given him by one of the Indians. (He became so attached to life with the Indians that he was taken from them against his will when ransomed by friends six years later.)

Lydia was in an appalling condition when the party finally reached Montreal. The French ransomed her and placed her as a

*401 W. 59th St., New York City 19. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul in the State of New York, and reprinted with permission.

ward in the family of Jacques LeBer. *Monsieur* LeBer was one of the wealthiest merchants in Montreal, and a commendable Catholic.

Monsieur LeBer had a daughter, Jeanne, somewhat older than Lydia. Nine years before, Jeanne had received permission to make a vow of permanent enclosure, chastity, and poverty. She lived in a cell in her father's home, going to Mass every morning attended by a maid, and spent her days in prayer, meditation, and needlework.

In this unusual atmosphere of penitential devotion to God and personal sacrifice, Lydia Longley, 20-year-old Protestant, found herself. She was in a foreign country, amidst customs and language completely different from anything she had ever known. We can only imagine her thoughts during the adjustment period while she learned French and observed the spirituality of this devout family. She asked many questions about the Catholic religion. Doubtless she attended Mass with her hosts, and grew to love the beauty of the service, so different from the simple religious meeting at home.

Lydia was present on Aug. 5, 1695, at a solemn ceremony. At her own request, Jeanne LeBer was to leave home and be received into the Congregation de Notre Dame. But unlike the other Sisters, she would live as a contemplative in a cell behind the altar of the newly built stone church.

A canonical examination had been given her by the vicar general of the diocese, in which he questioned the motives for the extraordinary life she wished to embrace. After solemn Vespers, a procession was formed, headed by the clergy. It made its way to *Monsieur* LeBer's house, where Jeanne was absorbed in prayer. Leaving forever the home of her childhood, Jeanne followed the priests, accompanied by her father and a few of her relatives.

The street was crowded with villagers as the recluse passed, in a gray woolen gown. The depth of her sacrifice appealed to them since they knew of her family traditions, distinction, and wealth. Her eyes were downcast, her bearing quiet, and her step firm. Her white-haired father followed, bowed down by age and sorrow. When the procession reached the church, Jacques LeBer turned away in anguish, and returned home. But he knelt in prayer at Mass the next morning, in heroic resignation.

The event must have made an indelible impression upon Lydia, for she soon expressed a desire to be a Catholic. On March 24, 1696, she started her instruction under Mother Marguerite Bourgeoys, founder of the Congregation de Notre Dame, an uncloistered Order devoted to Catholic education. Lydia was baptized a month later in the Congregation's chapel. She was then 22 years old.

After her Baptism, Lydia's great desire was to become a Religious. This favor was granted, and she was professed on Sept. 19, 1699. She is mentioned in records of the Order as a devout Religious who gained high esteem. She chose to stay in Canada and live a life of sacrifice and self-denial, teaching the Word of God. She died at the age of 84 on July 20, 1758, having lived for 62 years in the Congregation de Notre Dame.

About a mile from the center of the beautiful town of Groton, Mass, which is celebrating the

300th anniversary of its founding this year, stands a monument beside a country road. It reads:

"Near this spot dwelt William and Deliverance Longley with their eight children.

"On the 27th of July, 1694, the Indians killed the father and mother and five of the children, and carried into captivity the other three."

As they read this memorial, few of the townspeople of Groton realize that Lydia Longley was the first woman of United States birth and residence to become a nun.



.. In Our Parish ..

In our parish our pastor often dropped into the town's restaurant for dinner. He had just seated himself at a table one day when a traveling salesman came in and sat down with him. They both ordered steak, and while waiting, they introduced themselves to each other.

When the steaks arrived, Father King took a bottle from his pocket, and said, "I don't care for the sauce they serve here so I carry my own." Passing it to the salesman, he offered him some.

The salesman accepted it, and poured on more than he should. He cut a large piece of steak, put it in his mouth, and immediately started to strangle and cough. Tears streamed down his cheeks, as he said, "I have heard plenty of you fellows preaching fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I ever met who carried samples."

A. E. Downey.

In our parish we were having a mission. The missionary was encouraging the congregation to enroll in a scapular order which granted, if it were God's will, a plenary indulgence at time of death. He told us to come up to the altar rail if we wished to be enrolled. As I stood in line waiting, a little old lady nudged me, and, with a twinkle in her eyes, asked, "Is this where you enroll for the nonstop flight?"

Gertrude M. Carriere.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Skin diving can be dangerous fun

A Peep in the Deep

By **FREDERIC T. JUNG, M.D.**

Condensed from *Today's Health**

SKIN DIVING OFFERS fun and thrills, but it calls for extra precautions. Go under with a good diving mask and you enter a new and wonderful, but dangerous, world. But you can enter it safely if you go properly instructed, use reliable equipment, and follow the rules recommended by professional divers.

The most important safety rules are these.

1. *Never go skin diving alone.* One man, heavily laden with new equipment, jumped into his private swimming pool with nobody watching but his little daughter. No signals had been arranged. She could plainly see him lying on the bottom, but by the time she became alarmed and called for help, her father was dead.

2. Whether your group is large or small, always use the buddy system. And make sure that your buddy is reliable, alert, and skilled at artificial respiration.

3. In open water, have a boat or a float near you.

4. Watch your depth.

5. Use quick-release buckles on

weight belts or similar equipment. Always test the releases before going down.

6. Never use earplugs.

7. Agree in advance on timing and depth, and arrange for two-way communication between divers and watchers.

8. In open water, carry a knife.

9. In ascending, never hold your breath, because air will expand in your lungs. Allow air to escape steadily from your lungs all during the rise to the surface of the water.

10. Look out for sharp objects on the bottom. Wounds suffered under water can easily become infected.

Your equipment may range all the way from simple mask, goggles, and flippers to elaborate snorkel or scuba apparatus. Just how much you decide to buy



*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the American Medical association, and reprinted with permission.

will depend upon how seriously you take the sport. A good mask or goggles is the minimum. Your mask must be fitted to you individually, to be sure of keeping all water out.

This is at all times important whether you are swimming in ocean or fresh-water lake. Your eye, accustomed to a steady bath of tear secretion, resents immersion in either sea or fresh water. Besides, your mask will allow you to see much better under water. For complicated physiological reasons, normal eyes are hyperopic (far-sighted) when immersed in water.

Fogging of your mask may become a problem, especially in cold water. Thick glass does not fog up as readily as thin glass, and safety glass, having a layer of plastic, is best of all. You can greatly reduce fogging by moistening the inner surface of the glass with soap or saliva.

Swim fins. To the beginner, flippers may seem like something for sissies who can't use their legs. But before you can go on to the great fun of free swimming under water you must learn to use fins. If your hands are to be used for any kind of submarine action, like taking pictures of fish, you'll have to depend on fins for moving into position and staying there. You'll find that with a little practice you can soon make wonderful speed with swim fins. But always keep your hands well ahead of you; other-

wise, your head may become a battering ram.

Weights. Since the skin diver swims under the surface rather than on it, he purposely maintains a state of weightlessness (neutral buoyancy) by carrying small weights strung on a belt. He must be able to shed these weights instantly, by a single movement of one hand; otherwise, the weights may prove deadly. Homemade equipment for this purpose, and equipment bought at bargain prices, have caused deaths.

Snorkels. There are various kinds, yet all consist basically of a tube connected with the face mask and extending above the surface of the water. Equipped with one, you can swim face down for long periods without having to raise your nose and mouth out of the water. Some have a ball-valve arrangement which will close automatically should waves rise above the level of the intake.

Snorkels are never made more than a foot long, since the pressure of a column of air longer than that would immediately cause difficulty in breathing. Therefore, a skin diver thus equipped cannot remain more than a foot under the surface any longer than he can hold his breath.

Scubas. If you wish to stay under for long intervals, you'll need a scuba, an elaborate arrangement of tanks, tubes, and valves that releases air from a pressure tank carried on

the back. Here, especially, it is important to avoid homemade equipment, since your scuba must continually supply precisely the right mixture of oxygen and nitrogen to keep you alive. Too little oxygen will quickly cause collapse and unconsciousness; too much may bring on convulsions. So have your scuba checked by an expert before using it.

With a good scuba, you enjoy a freedom never before experienced by humanity: the freedom to move at will in three-dimensional space. You can go over and under objects instead of having to move around them, and you get something of the sensation of flying without an airplane.

You'll find that public swimming

beaches are not the best place for skin diving. On a beach, where crowding and other circumstances make it dangerous to tolerate even inner tubes and water-polo balls, the elaborate gear of a skin diver is clearly out of place. At other spots, there is a danger of being struck by motorboats. In those parts of the country where skin diving clubs have been formed, special areas are designated by the authorities for skin diving only.

Skin diving is increasing in popularity every day. Organizations are being formed, experience is accumulating, and rules needed to make it safe are being developed and clarified. If the rules are followed, skin diving can be a stimulating, healthful sport.

Our Changing Times

A TIMID GENTLEMAN always used to buy black cars. His reason: he didn't want to be conspicuous. This year he bought a red car. His reason: he didn't want to be conspicuous.

Minneapolis Tribune.

IN A NEW REAL-ESTATE development, where everyone owns a basementless, one-floor ranch house, one mother was startled to overhear a conversation between a group of three-year-olds.

The first child boasted, "My daddy's a pilot and he goes to work in an airplane."

The second chimed in with, "Well, my daddy works downtown, and he goes on a trolley car."

A third smiled loftily. "That's nothing. My daddy works in a place with stairs!"

Christian Science Monitor.

EVEN THE FISH notice our changing times. A little sardine waggled his fin at a passing submarine, and asked, "Mommy, what's that?"

"That," said mother sardine, "is a can of people."

T. Kenneth.

Bewilderment is still the most evident reaction to the atom-bombing of a great city

Hiroshima Today

By CHESTER MORRISON
Condensed from *Look**



HIROSHIMA. It grips the heart to walk across a vacant lot and step upon a hollow square of concrete, half-buried in the damp earth, and to recognize it as the foundation of a home that was blown apart on Aug. 6, 1945, at a quarter past eight in the morning. In the nearly ten years that have passed, Hiroshima has risen from the ashes. A whole generation of unblemished children sing in the new school buildings. The scars of old burns have healed on the bodies of men and women who were caught in the holocaust. The streets of Hiroshima, which is a market town, teem with traffic.

It is still a frightening thing to see photographs of the devastation caused in this place by the first atom bomb, which was dropped three years, seven months, and 30 days after Pearl Harbor. And to contemplate, in these ruins, the havoc that might be caused by an even more powerful explosion is staggering.

Today, Americans are accepted here, not with a warm welcome,

exactly, but not with open hostility, either. Hiroshima has not really forgiven us for dropping the bomb (it happened to explode above the grounds of a hospital), and people who survived cannot forget the catastrophe.

Hiroshima has lived through agony which only one other city in history has known: Nagasaki, where the second atom bomb was dropped on Aug. 9, 1945. Hiroshima and Nagasaki have rebuilt themselves, and now, ten years later, life goes on almost as it did before. It is a harsh life for most, but life is always hard for the poor.

Nowhere on earth is the land more intensively cultivated than in Japan. The rice paddies come right down to the edge of the railway tracks, but still there is scarcely enough food to go round.

In one section, Hiroshima has cleared up the rubble and begun landscaping Peace park. The word *peace* is used a great deal. There is

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. June 14, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Cowles Magazines, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

even a cigarette called Peace, but it is a dry and bitter cigarette. There is a gaunt, grim reminder in Hiroshima, preserved as it was left after the fires burned out and the muddy rain stopped. It was a museum of science and industry and now it is a memorial, like the Lincoln Memorial, visited by tourists. A plaque beside it reads: "Of the thousands of buildings that met the same fate, this alone is now preserved to symbolize our wish that there may be No More Hiroshimas!" Thousands of Japanese visit the place each year.

A visitor, impressed by the starkness of the structure, asked a man who had survived the bomb, "Is it a memorial or a symbol of hatred?" The man did not answer. His sorry smile was an expression of the character of the new Hiroshima. It seems, to a stranger, an oddly mixed character compounded of grim poverty in the shantytown slums, restrained elegance in the wealthy suburbs, dogged industry in the reconstruction of roads and buildings and sewers, and fanatic escapism among the crowds at the *pachinko* machines.

Pachinko is a pinball game that has become a national disease in Japan. There is little profit in it for the players (the prizes are dolls or one cigarette for a high score) but *pachinko* rooms are jammed day and night with hypnotized players dropping their yen into the slots.

By day, the downtown streets are a maelstrom of traffic; by night, the streets glare with naked lights and neon signs blaring from open shop fronts and honky-tonks. But the nighttime trade is slow; there are so few customers with money.

There are still a few eloquent empty spaces in the middle of town, a few gnarled trees twisting out of the mud. In a few more years, the empty spaces will be filled with flimsy Japanese houses, and the reconstruction will be complete.

Already, there are a number of movie houses in Hiroshima showing American films; baseball is still almost as popular in Japan as it used to be. Kids eat their wholesome, inexpensive lunch at the school cafeteria and play marbles in the schoolyard at recess. American products in cans and bottles are plentiful in all but the smallest shops.

There are thousands of people in Hiroshima now who were not there when the bomb fell. Thousands who were there have drifted to other parts of the country. And there are thousands of children, many of them the children of parents who lived through the bombing. The children do not remember, but they have been told. They may not even remember that for long. The wish in Hiroshima is that there be no more war on earth. They have only to look about them now to see what the war of

the future certainly will be like.

Among the people who believe and pray in that fashion, the emotion now is not so simple as "anti-Americanism." They cannot bear to think about the bomb, but they cannot forget that they were its first victims. They realize that the bombing was an act of war, but they feel now, remembering the bewilderment of those other days, that the bomb was more than war—it was civilized savagery. And they cannot forget that the U.S. began the new era.

The facts of life, and death, are being studied by the Atom Bomb Casualty commission, a collection of doctors and statisticians who live on a hill overlooking the city. Their job is a long-range research project to determine the effects of radiation on victims of the first atom bomb.

The scientists are nowhere near conclusive findings yet, but they

have discovered a small increase in the incidence of leukemia, a cancer of the blood. They have found that the children of parents who were in the range of radiation are normal, happy children; more girls than boys have been born to those parents. But they are not ready to say yet that any of these phenomena are directly attributable to radiation. The investigations continue among the poor and the wealthy: the bomb itself made no distinction.

A fair estimate of the number killed outright by the first bomb probably would be somewhere near 70,000. No one knows. Nor does anyone know yet how many were permanently damaged in ways that have not become apparent. Not until the current generation of children produce children of their own will the scientists be willing to make an informed guess as to the possible ultimate effects of Hiroshima's tragedy.



The Stuff Inside

A LITTLE NEGRO BOY stood watching the balloon man at the county fair. There were all shapes of balloons in all colors.

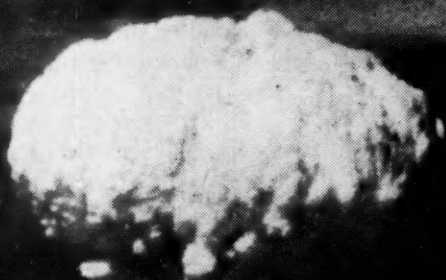
Suddenly a red balloon broke loose, and soared high into the air until it could scarcely be seen. So many people were attracted by the sight that the vendor thought it might be good business to let another go. He let a bright yellow one slip free. Then he released a white one.

The little Negro stood looking for a long time. Then he asked, "Mister, if you sent the black one up, would it go just as high as the others?"

The balloon man, with an understanding smile, slipped the black one from its place and said, "Sonny, it isn't the color—it's the stuff inside that makes it rise."

Lyle D. Flynn.

10 Years After



THE CONTROL TOWER flashed the take-off signal. Capt. Robert A. Lewis glanced at his wrist watch. It was 2:45 A.M. As pilot of the B-29, he had just run through the instrument check with the airplane commander, Col. Paul W. Tibbetts, Jr. Everything was ready.

Straight ahead at the end of the runway lay the Pacific, and under its bright blue waves lay the wreckage of several planes that had been overloaded during their take-off. Captain Lewis watched as Colonel Tibbetts opened the four throttles to full speed. The plane roared down the strip toward the ocean. It was Monday, Aug. 6, 1945. Their plane was carrying an atomic bomb. The target: Hiroshima.

Seconds later they were over the ocean, climbing steadily. Captain Lewis flipped a switch, and the tricycle landing gear hummed its way into the fuselage. The *Enola Gay*, their plane, had another B-29 as escort in case of trouble. The enemy might spot them somewhere along the 1,500-mile run to Hiroshima. Both planes climbed for maximum altitude.

Six and a half hours later, Maj. Thomas W. Ferebee, the bombardier, released the atomic bomb. It was attached to a parachute so that a timing device could detonate

the bomb when it was just above the aiming point. Colonel Tibbetts turned the *Enola Gay* away from the target.

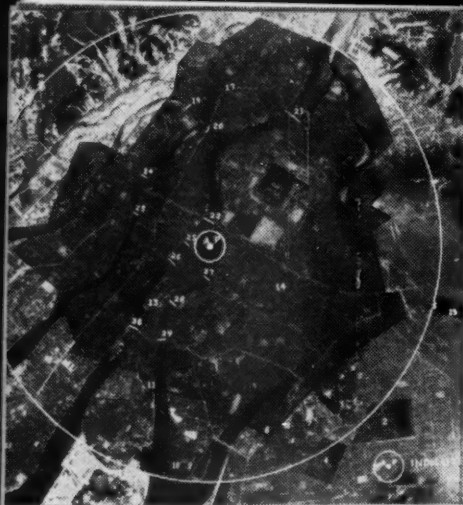
"When we turned our ship so we could observe results," recalls Captain Lewis, "there, in front of our eyes, was without a doubt the greatest explosion man had ever seen. The city was nine-tenths covered with a smoke column that in less than three minutes had reached 30,000 feet. We were struck dumb at the sight. It far exceeded all our expectations.

"Even when the plane was going in the opposite direction, the flames still seemed terrific. The area of the town looked as though it was torn apart. I have never seen anything like it . . . never seen anything like it.

"The cloud still kept growing larger even after an hour, when we were some 270 miles away from the target. The pillar of smoke had reached 40,000 feet, way above our altitude. It kept changing its weird colors until we lost sight of it.

"Two minutes after the bomb was dropped, we saw a city disappear in front of our eyes. My first reaction was 'My God, what have we done!' We just couldn't comprehend what had happened—it was so fantastic."

From his B-29, Captain Lewis saw the atomic cloud mushroom from the ruins of Hiroshima. It was Monday morning, Aug. 6, 1945, two minutes after the bomb had parachuted from the plane.



At 10 p.m., less than five hours before the crew of the Enola Gay hear mission (below), Gen. Carl Spaatz sits of the briefing table. At far right is Cal and across from him, Gen. Nathan F.

An Air Force photograph (above) shows the maximum radius of damage in Hiroshima. The numbers indicate bridges and other military targets.



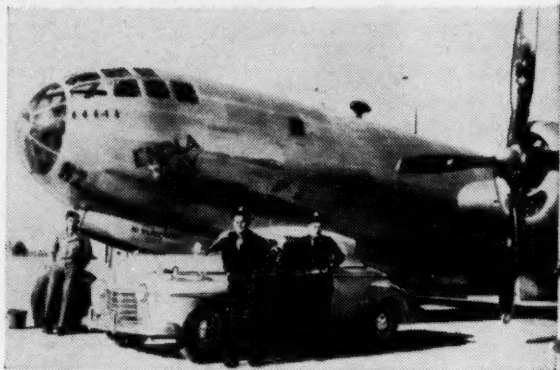
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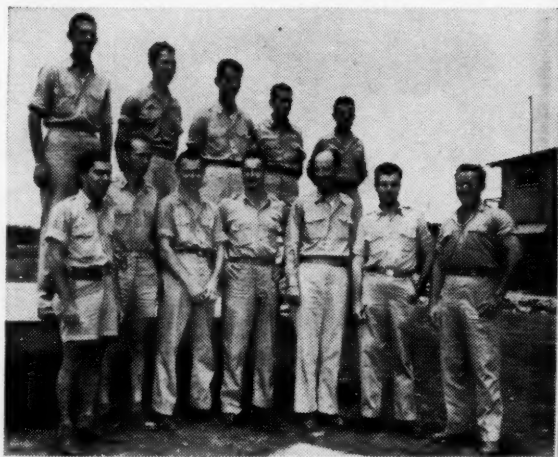
You can see the ruins of
the Shima hospital and the
Geibi bank at the upper
right. On Oct. 6, 1945,
downtown Hiroshima
looked like this.



The Enola Gay carried the A-bomb to Hiroshima. Lewis stands at the center.



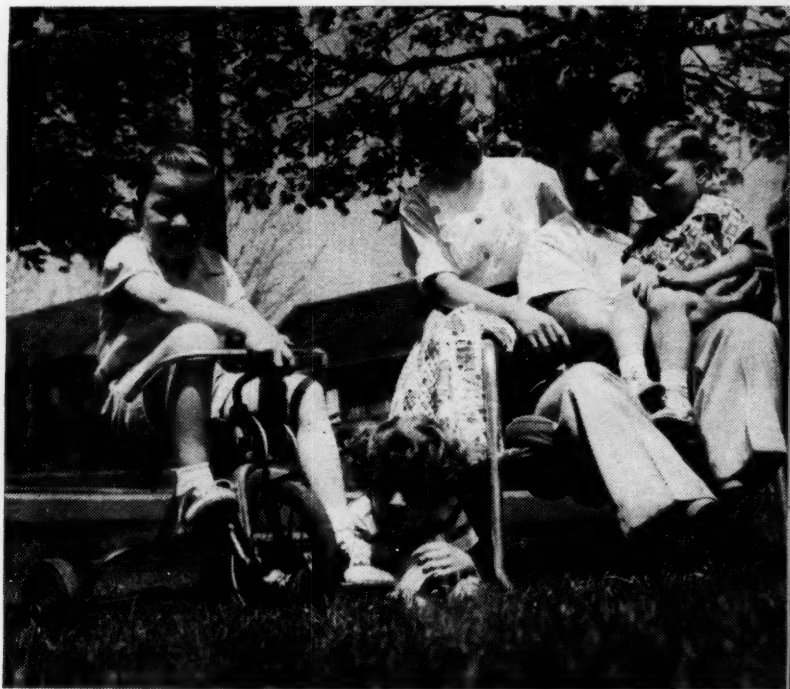
These men took the Enola Gay to Hiroshima. Lewis is at the far right.



Photography by U.S. Air Force
and House of Photography



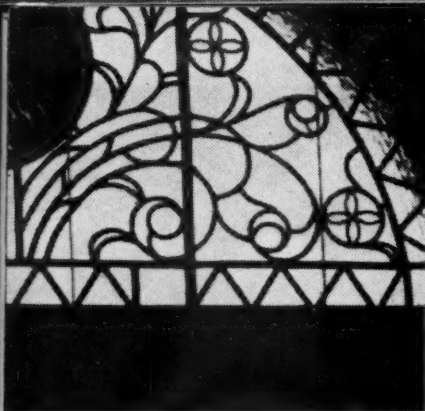
Mary Lewis talks with her husband about his B-29 flight crew. Three of the Enola Gay's crew are still in the Air Force.



After his discharge from the Army Air Force, Lewis married Mary Eileen Kelly of West New York. Their family includes Robert, Jr., seven years old, Susan, eight, and John Peter, three. Robert and Susan attend Our Lady Queen of Peace school.

Lewis quit his postwar job as commercial pilot to study personnel problems at New York university. Then he became personnel manager of the Heide Candy Co.



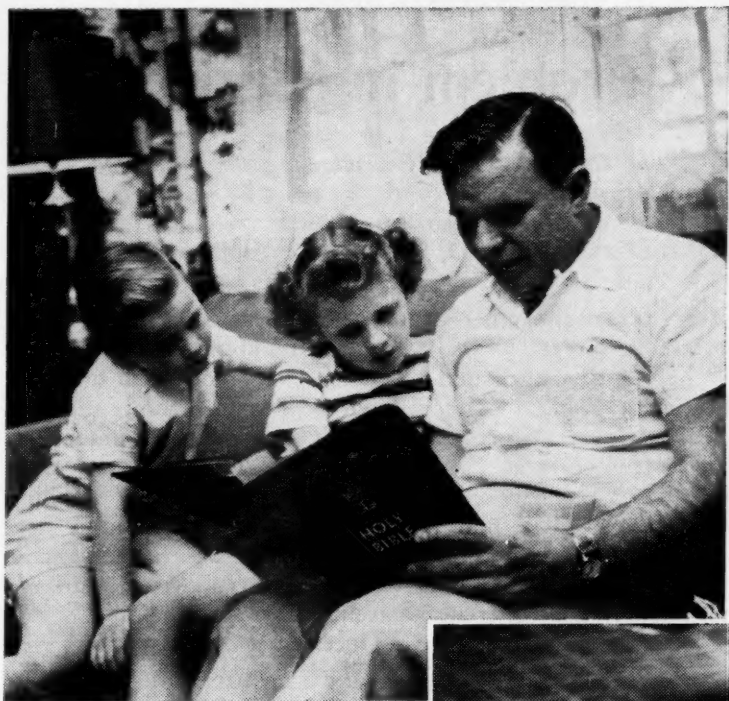


He commutes to work in New York city from his home in Maywood, N. J.

Lewis chats with the pastor at Our Lady Queen of Peace church.

In his basement workshop, Lewis turns out a good part of the furniture for his home.





Robert, Jr., and Susan listen as their father reads the Bible. "If we ever have another modern war," says Lewis, "it will be the end of civilization."



Although he is a Protestant, Lewis attends Mass regularly with his Catholic wife and their children.





Problem in Mexico City

The earth is gradually swallowing the whole metropolis

By EMIL ZUBRYN

ABANDON THE CITY altogether—or you'll be sorry!"

When a distinguished Mexican engineer, Alberto Arai, gave that advice to residents of Mexico City a few years ago, he was denounced as a publicity-seeking alarmist. But today many thoughtful citizens are beginning to think that his recommendation made sense. Nobody has yet come up with a better solution to the strange problem that brought forth his drastic proposal.

Mexico City is sinking into the earth. It is settling down into its soft clay subsoil at a rate that the Departamento del Distrito Federal, the governing body, frankly acknowledges to be disturbing. Most of the city has been sinking about 15 inches a year, but in some areas the drop has been more than 30 inches. The entire Alameda Park area has sunk 10 feet in the last three years.

"If the present rate continues," predicts Fernando Hiriart, a geologist at the Bureau of Public Works, "the life of the city has about 20 years to run, at the most."

You can see freakish evidence of

the gradual disaster on all sides. At some buildings, like the Palace of Fine Arts, you must now go down steps to an entrance that was formerly reached by climbing a flight. An old aqueduct from Xochimilco that was built on piling five feet below street level now swells out like a huge varicose vein two feet above the sinking pavement.

Queerer yet is the sprouting well of Marte alley. Its rim originally was about 15 inches high. But to look down into the well today, anyone (except possibly a giraffe) would need a ladder. The rim is now 18 feet above street level.

Mexicans have known for decades that their capital was foundering, though they have never taken the matter very seriously. The first slight symptoms were observed in 1898, when the foundations of a few buildings showed signs of settling. At that time, builders drove piling into the spongy sand and clay until, at 160 feet, they reached what they described as a "reasonably stable stratum formation."

A good deal of wishful thinking

must have gone into that description. Recently a government commission went down 500 feet without striking a really solid base.

Some experts say that the subsoil is 70% water. Others place the estimate as high as 90%. It's no wonder that a steady undulation of the city's floor has twisted streets into a jigsaw pattern and cracked the walls of hundreds of buildings.

"It's as though the city were being perpetually ravaged by a kind of lazy earthquake," said an American tourist, paying his first visit to the capital in several years. "It all seems quite gradual, and not particularly alarming, until all at once you notice that a familiar building is doing a pretty fair imitation of the leaning tower of Pisa."

One of the most revered edifices of the New World, the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, has developed a pronounced inclination to the east. Worried engineers describe its condition as dangerous. The tilt results from the fact that part of the basilica is bedded on rock, the rest on porous clay.

Many buildings are precariously tilted for another reason. When any heavy structure is erected in Mexico City, it has the same effect on surrounding land that pushing down one end of a teeter-totter has on the other end. Ordinarily, something has to go up. The Cine Plaza, a fine new theater at the

corner of Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas Aves., has produced a bulge in its neighborhood that has badly damaged near-by houses.

If it weren't for the teeter-totter action, "floating construction" might have been the answer to Mexico City's problem. In that type of construction, buildings rest upon great underground air chambers that displace an amount of earth exactly balancing the weight of the building. For a time, Mexican architects dreamed of a skyscraper city built according to that principle: a fleet of skyscrapers. But one 40-story building that has been under construction in the San Juan Letran-Madero area for the past five years has already seriously endangered a near-by church and other buildings. The city fathers have therefore decreed that future structures may rise no higher than 10 stories.

The grimmest aspect of the whole situation is that the subsoil condition is steadily getting worse. The proportion of solid matter to liquid is constantly being lowered by 5,000 artesian wells that spill out nearly 2.4 million gallons of water a second.

All artesian wells were once ordered capped, but the order had to be withdrawn. Mexico City is in the curious position of having far too much artesian water, but far too little from any other source. Too much wild water, you might say, and too little tame water. If the wells are capped, adequate

water must be provided by some other means. There are three aqueduct systems, but at best they can furnish only two-thirds of the water required by the city's $3\frac{1}{2}$ million people. (It has been estimated that within the next century, the population will reach 6 million.)

Meanwhile, city administrators have launched an \$80 million anti-sinking program, and have been bombarding citizens with dire prophecies to make them economize on water. But most of the people remain strangely unmoved. Predictions of disaster seem to them to be only a crafty prelude to a demand for higher taxes.

The thoughtful minority who listened to Alberto Arai were persuaded that worse perils than leaning buildings and cracked walls are in store for the city. Arai predicted that as the city continued to sink, there would inevitably be a complete collapse of the sewage system. Actually, the bad floods of recent years have been directly traceable to the fact that old drainpipes have broken down. In 1952, a flood closed up 3,000 retail stores.

Many people have preferred to make light of the floods, too. It has been fun for them to call their city "the American Venice," to go serenading through the streets in improvised gondolas, to post "No Fishing" signs at important intersections, to plan speedboat and sailboat races in the downtown area.

But there is now beginning to be a strained note in that kind of joking. And even a few of the jesters will admit that there is something to be said for Arai's proposal that the city be abandoned.

What Arai had in mind was the removal of the city to firm ground to the south. (If it is ever done, the shade of Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, will give a nod of satisfaction. Cortez wanted to build a new city at what is now the suburb of Coyoacan, but was overruled.) The project would be financed by public subscription to bond issues.

The old city would be turned into a great national park. Pavements would be torn up. Numerous trees would be planted to suck up moisture. Buildings and monuments of religious, historic, or artistic importance would be preserved. Mexico would then undoubtedly possess the most astonishing tourist attraction on earth—a colossal "ghost town" with an area of over 100 square miles.

A few of the more hard-bitten jesters are saying that the city will be an even greater attraction if nothing at all is done about the problem. Recently, one of these wits pointed to the sinking Palace of the Fine Arts, and remarked, "Just think. We'll soon have the perfect city of the future—an underground metropolis, entirely safe from atomic bombs!" He got only one laugh: his own.

Raising children shouldn't become an economic hardship



Are the Workers Prospering?

By R. A. LASSANCE, S.J.

Condensed from the *Eagle**

THE U.S. ENJOYS the highest material standards of living ever known to man. Forty-one per cent of our families have annual incomes of \$5,000 or more; 55% have annual incomes of \$4,000 or more.

But our apparent prosperity should be analyzed. Some of it is due to the fact that many men hold down two or more jobs. This gives them little time or energy to enjoy their families. Too many families have mortgaged their future; they're over their heads in debt, because of installment buying. Too much of the prosperity results from double incomes: the income of the husband plus that of the working wife.

In 1953, 10.7 million married women had paying jobs outside the home; 5 million of these were mothers with children under 18. In 1952, 50% of the gainfully employed men received annual wages

of \$2,952 or less; 50% of the employed women received \$1,045 or less. The statistical cost of adequate urban living, however, was about \$4,200 a year for a family of four; for a family of six, about \$5,000; for a family of eight, about \$5,800. The obvious conclusion is that most of the high family income is due to combined earnings of husbands and wives.

In the main, money rewards in our competitive economy are based upon individual output. Rarely are wages geared to the needs of the worker's family. In the higher-income groups, the situation takes care of itself. But the low and lower-middle-income groups too often find the father's earnings inadequate. As a result, many married women go to work.

The following comparison will point up the problem. Remember that half the men workers in the

*2401 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 3, Wis. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and reprinted with permission.

U.S. receive annual wages of \$2,952 or less. Now, examine the financial position of urban workers who receive take-home pay of \$65 a week. This is rather common. It amounts to \$3,380 a year—if they have steady work.

Joe is single. He is in good health and has a steady job; his economic problems are all of his own making. Jim is married with no children; his wife works and earns \$2,500 a year; they're well fixed. Andy is married with two children; his wife doesn't work; he makes \$3,380 a year, while the average annual cost of living for a family of four is \$4,200. How does he do it?

Tom is married with four children, two of school age; his wife doesn't work; he makes \$3,380 while the average annual cost of a family of six is about \$5,000. Can this family live according to decent American standards?

Now, take Pete, who is married and has six children; four are of school age; his wife does not go out to work; he makes \$3,380 a year; he needs about \$5,800 or \$6,000. Pete is paid the going wage; but at the same prices that the rest of us pay, he buys for eight, and on everything that he buys, he pays excise or hidden taxes for eight.

For men who earn less, the problem of establishing and maintaining a family is almost hopeless. And even for the man who earns from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year, it is

by no means easy to establish and maintain a family.

Men and women who attempt to have real family life make one of the most important contributions to the community. Without families there would be no nation, economy, nor producers; no consumers, scientists, statesmen, soldiers, teachers, nor religious leaders. Parents have a right in justice to sufficient income to maintain their families according to decent community standards of living. Nor should mothers with preschool or school-age children be forced to work outside the home. And remember, the urban child is almost a total economic liability up to the age of 16.

The federal government recognizes this problem in its benefits for the children of men in the armed forces. But why limit the benefits to servicemen? All urban families face the same problem.

The government also recognizes the problem in its system of income-tax deductions. The present system, however, is of little help to 50% of the families. What good are income-tax deductions to fathers who don't earn enough to support their families even after the exemptions? Moreover, in too many families, after the first or second child, deductions mean absolutely nothing.

To high-income families, the deductions are economically and socially insignificant. The exemptions for dependent children are of real

benefit only to a few middle-income groups. Of course, they are of great economic value to double-income families with dependent children.

Haphazard attempts to deal with the problem can also be recognized in the free services provided by the government and private agencies. Free or subsidized education, school lunches, school transportation, clinics, and recreational centers relieve the burden of family finances to some extent. Some families benefit; others don't.

The burden of family finances is also lightened to some extent by some of the fringe benefits written into labor contracts. Here again, some families benefit; others don't.

Then there is the practice of using the average cost of living for a family of four as a rough norm for wage negotiations in collective bargaining. But wage raises alone, because wages tend to be based upon individual production, do not help family finances much for single-income families. Either prices go up or the general standard of living is raised.

So wives and mothers take jobs to supplement family income. This pattern has been shaping up progressively since the 1st World War. The custom has been established.

Organized movements exist to "emancipate" the urban mother from full-time homemaking. Nurseries care for the children of working mothers. Technological develop-

ments and vocational training make it more and more possible for women to do almost anything that men can do. And the custom of paying women less than men for the same work induces many employers to hire women rather than men.

Surely the result is socially undesirable. Much of the widespread collapse of family life can be traced to the attempt of wives to mesh working careers with homemaking. As a rule, under such conditions, the home just isn't made. Physical and emotional tensions are built up which lead to infidelity and divorce or to a thoroughly disorganized home life. The heart goes out of the home. Children are neglected.

The solution, however, does not lie in discriminating against women in industry. There is a legitimate place for career women. In industry, the professions, and politics women can do much for the general welfare and gain personal satisfaction. In many areas, women are greatly needed, and there should be equal pay for equal work.

Private enterprise has raised our material standards of living to a level heretofore unknown. We ought to keep it and try to perfect it. But because our wage system is geared to individual production rather than to family needs, it is inadequate. Social and distributive justice seems to demand a built-in system of cash allowances for families with children. Automation is

here. Children will inevitably have to go to school longer. The need for cash family allowances will become progressively more urgent.

Such a system could be built in at the industrial and professional level by private funds. But for simplicity and efficiency, I suggest a single federal system similar to Canada's.

By means of a payroll tax graduated according to ability to pay, the federal government would create a fund. Out of this fund it would pay to all families with children under 17 years, \$10 a month for each child. Safeguards should, of course, be in the law.

Most of the money would build purchasing power for consumers' goods and professional services. More and better food and clothing could be bought. More and better medical, dental, educational, and cultural services could be engaged. If taken out of taxes, the contributions needn't be inflationary. Being in the form of cash and not in free goods and services, it should stimulate private enterprise. But its real value would be in promoting more stable home life.

The objection arises that single persons and married couples with-

out children would be forced to support other people's children. The objection has little merit. In our system, individuals as such produce practically nothing; the economy as a whole produces. Moreover, the welfare of everyone, including single persons and married couples without children, is tied to the economic welfare of families. If it weren't for families, there would be no economy. Single persons and married couples without children wouldn't have any jobs. They would revert to the jungle or they would cease to exist. In short, in our system, families with children have a right in distributive justice to these funds.

The problem is complex. Research will be required to set up a workable system and to iron out the political, fiscal, economic, and moral wrinkles. The people will have to be educated to the idea. The cost seems considerable, but we do spend billions on many other programs of dubious value.

The crux of the problem is the promotion of better family life by encouraging more and more women to be full-time wives and mothers. The vitality of the nation is at stake.



Psychology in a Nutshell

The neurotic builds castles in the air.

The psychotic lives in them.

The psychiatrist collects rent on them. *Hollywood Reporter.*

*Eight dishonest men nearly
killed baseball*



The Black Sox

By RED SMITH

Condensed from *The Sign**

THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX 1919 baseball team may have been the greatest ever assembled. Going into the World Series against the Cincinnati Reds, the White Sox were favored by odds of 5 to 1.

This was the White Sox batting order: Shano Collins, right field; Eddie Collins, 2nd base; Buck Weaver, 3rd base; Shoeless Joe Jackson, left field; Happy Felsch, center field; Chick Gandil, 1st base; Swede Risberg, shortstop; Ray Schalk, catcher. There wasn't one who couldn't have been picked, in all good conscience, for an all-star major-league team. There were, in addition, four great pitchers: Eddie Cicotte, Lefty Claude Williams, Dickie Kerr, and Red Faber.

The most the National-league fans hoped was that the Cincinnati club would show up often enough to lose the five games then required for a decision.

What neither the National nor American league knew, but was discovered swiftly by just about every professional gambler in America, was that the Chicago White Sox had some imaginative players. These men had ideas never dreamed of in Abner Doubleday's philosophy. It's a question whether Gandil or Cicotte owned the liveliest mind of this group; at any rate, both had the same idea.

One evening, the two had a chat in the Ansonia hotel in New York City with Sleepy Bill Burns, a former pitcher, and Billy Maharg, a washed-up fighter out of Philadelphia. As a consequence, Burns sought out Arnold Rothstein, a professional gambler, and told him that the World Series could be fixed for \$100,000.

As long as he lived, Rothstein insisted that he rejected the proposition, and perhaps he did. As an experienced gambler, all he needed to know was that some Chicago players had larceny in their bosoms; on the strength of that information, he could afford to bet on Cincinnati.

By now, the idea of throwing the series had come to have a powerful appeal to some of the Chicago clique. Chances are they'd have made a try at it, and bet against

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. June 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

themselves, even if there'd been no promise of bribe money. However, they did receive encouragement.

A few days before the series opened in Cincinnati, Abe Attell, former featherweight champion of the world, showed a telegram to Burns, Maharg, and Gandil as proof that Rothstein would reward any undeserving citizens who helped him win a bet on Cincinnati. Apparently it occurred to no one that anybody can send or receive a telegram signed "A. Rothstein."

How did Attell get wind of what was up? Why shouldn't he, when everybody else had? All over the country, money was being poured in on the Reds; offers of bets were being shouted in Cincinnati hotel lobbies; and the White Sox dropped from 5 to 1 to even money.

If it seems incredible that fans, press, and baseball people could remain ignorant of what everybody else knew, the answer is that they weren't ignorant. They were merely incredulous, or trusting, or whatever adjective you prefer. They heard the rumors, too, and refused to believe that this could happen in baseball.

Eddie Cicotte pitched the first game, and lost, 9 to 1. That season he had won 29 games and lost only 7. Lefty Williams pitched the second game, and lost, 4 to 2. His record for the season was 23 victories and 11 defeats.

Dickie Kerr, who wasn't in on the thing, shut out Cincinnati in

the third game, Cicotte blew the fourth, 2 to 0, and Williams lost the fifth, 5 to 0. With the White Sox one game away from extinction, Kerr came back to win the following day, and Chicago won behind Cicotte the day after. With Cincinnati leading, four victories to three, Williams started the eighth game, and the Reds romped in 10 to 5.

Though everybody heard rumors, and Charles Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, set detectives to work on the case, it was a year before the truth came out. Meanwhile, the imaginative Sox played through the 1920 season, with results that still challenge belief.

Faber won 23 games; Williams, 22; Cicotte and Kerr, 21 each. Just those four pitchers accounted for 87 victories, enough to win a pennant in many seasons. Yet Chicago finished second to Cleveland. Eyewitnesses have reported, and it is accepted as fact today, that the deceptions which the Sox practiced in the 1919 series were refined in 1920 to the status of high art.

At any rate, Comiskey's detectives, with the help of several baseball writers, finally got the goods on the conspirators. But peculiar things happened in the law courts when the players were brought to trial on charges of conspiracy. Signed confessions mysteriously disappeared, and the legal actions came to nothing.

The baseball hierarchy did the

job more neatly. Eight Chicago players were flung out for life: Gandil, Cicotte, Jackson, Risberg, Felsch, Weaver, Williams, and pinch-hitter Fred McMullin.

These were the Black Sox. They came close to killing baseball. Exposure of eight dishonest men was a scandal, but it didn't stop there. Up in the woods of Wisconsin, a saddened man expressed the view of thousands: "I've always been an American-league fan. I'm afraid this means the whole league, and maybe the other one, too, is rotten to the core."

For once in their soundproofed existence, baseball owners overheard what such men were saying, and they were terrified. In terror lest their business fail entirely, they hired Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis off the federal bench, and gave him unlimited police power over the sport. He thereupon set

up a regime that frightened thieves away. Thus in their crooked way, the Black Sox may have done a bigger service to baseball than all the honest players in history.

All this is fact, established in sworn testimony 35 years ago, yet there are men around today who still refuse to believe the facts. There is, for instance, Earl (Greasy) Neale, the leading batter for the Reds in the World Series of 1919.

Give him an opportunity, and Greasy will replay those eight games pitch by pitch, and prove conclusively that the White Sox tried to win every game but the first. He concedes that they meant to sell out, but insists that they changed their minds after throwing the opener. You don't argue with him. You just can't make a ballplayer believe that his club didn't really win the championship of the world.



How Your Church Can Raise Money



The men in the Holy Redeemer parish in Marshall, Minn., formed an organization called the Central Athletic association. Its purpose is to assist the pastor to meet building costs for a school, and to promote a sports program for the students by providing

the necessary equipment. A project of this dimension requires money in large sums; the association decided to build and sell a house.

Parish artisans donated the labor; parish merchants offered equipment at cost. When the house was completed, it was auctioned to the highest bidder. The CAA made a \$4,000 profit.

John M. Connelly.

[Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

A little girl in a long habit plumbs the depths of the spiritual life

✠ A Life for a Soul ✠

By HILDA C. GRAEF

Condensed from *Cross and Crown**

The Church knew, for many ages before Tennyson said it, that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." That, indeed, is the very reason for the existence of the contemplative Orders, where holy people "bury themselves" for the sake of a sinning world. A vivid illustration of the point is provided in the life—and death—of Maria Erzberger, Carmelite nun.

MARIA WAS A daughter of Matthias Erzberger, the prominent German statesman who signed the 1919 peace treaty of Versailles. He had always opposed Prussian bureaucracy, and was held in high esteem at the Vatican. He was a deeply religious man.

Maria was a child full of life and spirits, but they were only one side of a rich and complex nature, capable of deep feeling. The significant part of her life story began when a highly placed cleric of the entourage of Benedict XV, Msgr. Helmuth von Gerlach, left the Church and married a rich Dutch Protestant lady. For the first time, Maria came face to face with apostasy. Monsignor von Gerlach had

been a frequent guest at her father's house. When she heard the news about him, she cast herself down in prayer. She seemed to realize then for the first time the world's need for souls to be completely given to God in a life of expiation.

Her health caused her parents anxiety, and in the autumn of 1917 she was sent to a convent in Bavaria for a prolonged rest. Shortly after her arrival, her father summoned her to Munich, to introduce her to the papal nuncio, Eugenio Pacelli, who had just been nominated titular Archbishop of Sardes. He gave her the exciting promise to celebrate pontifical Mass at the convent where she was staying.

Maria was thrilled. But when Archbishop Pacelli arrived at the convent to fulfill his promise, Maria had pneumonia. She recovered very slowly. By the end of the summer of 1918, she was able to return to her home in Berlin.

In October, her brother died of influenza. At his burial, Maria prepared for her own death, as her health had once more deteriorated. The doctors thought that only a

*15-17 S. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis 2, Mo., and reprinted with permission.

rest in Switzerland could save her; and so she, her mother, and her small sister went to St. Moritz. During the eight months she spent there she recovered completely. She took part in all the amusements, but it was here that she first felt the call to join a penitential Order. In 1920 she read St. Thérèse of Lisieux's *History of a Soul*, and decided to enter Carmel.

In April, 1921, Herr and Frau Erzberger, together with Maria and her small sister Gabriele, traveled to the Dutch town of Echt, where Maria had been accepted as a postulant in the German-founded Carmel. On the 14th, the anniversary of her First Communion, she entered the enclosure; when the doors closed behind her, her father wept.

Maria did not weep. She had meant to offer herself as a victim of expiation, a truly Carmelite vocation. The idea has a certain glamour, especially for an ardent young soul. It is quite possible to imagine oneself generously offering untold sufferings, patiently bearing illness and contradiction—and thoroughly enjoying it all. In imagination, that is, Maria thought she was prepared for this, and soon found out her mistake.

When St. Teresa founded her reformed Carmels she meant them to be penitential. When a girl entered them in the 17th century, the contrast between her daily life at home and that in Carmel was indeed

great, yet not nearly so great, not nearly so mortifying, as her 20th-century sisters must find it. To Maria, the contrast was so overwhelming as almost to break her.

It began with the clothes. She was used to the short skirts of the 20's, and the freedom of movement they allowed. Now she had to wear clothes down to her ankles, with the humiliating result that she kept knocking things over. Her progress through the convent was at first marked by unedifying noise.

Then there was the discomfort of the narrow cell and the primitive washing arrangements. For the girl of St. Teresa's time the little pitcher of cold water and tiny tin washbowl were the ordinary facilities; but for the 20th-century girl who is used to bathrooms and running hot water they are among the bitterest penances. Maria frequently looked sadly at her hands, chapped and grubby from the unaccustomed housework.

The modern girl flared in full revolt in her relations with her novice mistress.

Then, on Aug. 26, just a little over four months after Maria's entry, Matthias Erzberger was murdered by political enemies on his way to Mass. In her stunned grief, Maria wondered whether it might not be God's will that she should go back home, at least for a time, to assist her mother and her seven-year-old sister. Everything seemed to point that way.

But her mother never made the slightest suggestion that her daughter return home. Six weeks after the death of her husband, Frau Erzberger once more traveled to Echt with little Gabriele, to assist at Maria's clothing. The enclosure door opened to release the postulant for a few hours in her bridal dress. Where six months ago her father wept, Maria sank sobbing in her mother's arms. It had been six months of intense suffering for the spoiled young girl, culminating in this last grievous loss. Her joy on the day of the clothing had to be purely supernatural, though Pope Benedict XV sent her an affectionate telegram of congratulation.

Once the ceremony was over and her family gone, she felt complete loneliness. For years she remained the only novice; all the other Sisters were old enough to be mother or grandmother to her.

Her father, who had very early treated her as a grownup, had often talked to her about the needs of the times, the interests of the Church and of Europe. She had an open mind, alert and eager, and these conversations had developed it and made it hungry for substantial intellectual and spiritual food. With the best will in the world, the Sisters of Echt could not provide the young novice with the conversations and interests to which she had been accustomed, and there was not one nun of her own age

who might have been a help. She was desperately lonely and very homesick.

The long hours of prayer prescribed by the Carmelite Rule became a time of complete emptiness and boredom. God seemed to be far away. Besides, her long skirts continued to involve her in all kinds of minor accidents, culminating in the crash of a full tray into the middle of the refectory. She had to accept corrections more frequently than is usual even for novices.

She found some help and understanding in her novice mistress. But after her final profession, in October, 1925, this last support was also taken away from her.

After all, she was only a girl of 24 at the time. Sister Gertrude was utterly alone, "the sole representative of the 20th century!" In this, her struggle is in a way typical of a whole generation of young women who find the traditional convent life so very much harder to live than their "mothers in religion."

In her loneliness, she began even to hate the Sisters, so different from herself, with whom she had yet to share every day of her life.

But her good sense hit on a most effective remedy; she forced herself to silence the interior uproar by hard work. She had been made infirmarian, and there were so many old Sisters in the Community that she had ample opportunity

to forget herself in serving others.

In August, 1929, her nursing was cut short by an illness which the doctors failed to diagnose. She had to leave the convent to go to a hospital for months of observation. After her return, weakened by illness and by the struggles of the preceding years, she had to endure one last trial: her normally gay and optimistic nature was plunged into complete darkness.

These spiritual trials lasted three years, but she emerged from them matured in spirit, calm and serene. The older Sisters, who had once been so shocked by her lively manner, were proud of her; the younger ones (since she had left the novitiate it had grown quickly) looked up to her for example.

The Order placed great hopes in

her future, and it was intended that she become novice mistress. But in August, 1937, she once more developed fever and hemorrhages.

She then grew weaker rapidly, and received Extreme Unction. The doctors told her that death was inevitable: she had an infection of the bone. She at once asked to be taken from the hospital back to Carmel. When she arrived there on her stretcher she was dying, unable to move even her lips. She died Sept. 17, 1937.

Maria Erzberger had fulfilled her vocation.

Nine years after her death, Helmut von Gerlach, then in England, called for a priest in his last illness. He died repentant, reconciled to God and the Church.



Grow Old Gracefully

A DAKOTA FARMER reached his 100th birthday. "At your age," a visiting priest suggested, "you can't expect to stay with us very long."

"That's right," the old-timer agreed. "I was thinking as you rode up that next spring I would sell out here and move out west." Bob Hansen in the *Eagle*.



THE COUNTRY EDITOR called on Uncle John Reynolds, to interview him on the occasion of his 102nd birthday.

"To what do you attribute your great age?" asked the editor.

"It's very simple," replied Uncle John. "I've been taking vitamin pills ever since I was 99."

Country Gentleman.



A RED-CHEEKED old man was asked how he maintained the vivacity of youth. Pointing to a blossoming apple tree, he replied, "That tree grows a little new wood each year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood each year."

Meggido Message.

Our family does a lot of reading in common. Yours can do it, too

'Read Me a Story'

By DOROTHY RICHARDS

Condensed from *America**



WHEN DAD SAYS, "Who wants to go to the library?" everyone in our family shouts, "Me!"—even two-year-old Tony. Our friends wonder why their families don't show the same enthusiasm for books. I think I know why. They don't read together.

The custom of reading together as a family has almost died out. Parents give superb physical care, they try to provide a good spiritual atmosphere; but, on the mental level, they tend to leave matters to the nuns.

By all means, let the nuns teach the mechanics of reading. Few of us are trained to do that job. It is your privilege, however, as well as your duty to introduce your children to the joyful and rewarding

world of books. Reading to and with them is a splendid means.

We can almost hear the objections which form in your minds: "I have no time to read to the kids. I'm so tired I can't manage it. I'm not used to reading aloud. I do it badly. It embarrasses me. The kids wouldn't listen even if I did read to them. Besides, I don't know what to read."

We have six children, ages two to 11, and we didn't decide suddenly one day that now we must read to them. No, we eased into it gradually. Our first "reading" was actually reciting Mother Goose to the first baby, so that by the time Mary received a book of Mother Goose, she knew many of the rhymes.

From Mother Goose it was an easy step to picture books, mostly from the public library. It is always a pleasant family outing to go to the library for a load of books, bring them home, and then decide which one to read first.

Bedtime was most often our reading period with the youngsters. Frequently we were reader

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. April 30, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

for bed than they were. But fighting with them over going to bed was harder on us than lulling them with a half hour of our attention, and so much more civilized.

The results are gratifying. The reading habit seems well established in the older children; they read to themselves, and to the young ones. We have TV, but although we supervise its use quite closely the children sometimes desert it for a book, even when they *can* watch. Until it happens to you, you can't imagine how consoling it is to come upon a group of children, one reading to the rest (this happened to be a Pooh book, by Milne), with all of them laughing so hard at the familiar story that the reader couldn't continue.

If you want children to grow up liking books, there must be many books around. Ideally, each family should have its own collection. Not all of us can manage this. Books do cost money, so why not use the resources of your public library?

The Cincinnati-Hamilton County library, which we patronize, has a slogan printed on each of its books: "The Public Library is Yours. Use It." We take the slogan literally. In a family of eight, we have five library cards. At home, we reserve a shelf in one of the bookcases solely for library books. This is a good-housekeeping measure. Of the thousands of books borrowed in 12 years, we haven't lost one—yet.

The reading experience is incomplete, however, if you borrow all the books you read. Children should know the pride of ownership and should be able to have their favorites always at hand, just like a pet doll or teddy bear. And like the doll or teddy bear, the favorite book may even go to bed with a child. "I'll just put it under my pillow, then when I wake up it will be ready for me." This happened when we read Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* one Christmas season; in fact, the boys took turns taking the book to bed, even though it really belonged to Mary.

For the worrisome parent who says, "We might be able to afford a few books a year, but I'm sure the kids would tear them," let us add a few reassuring words. We have had surprisingly little damage in 12 years, plus six children, plus 500 books (our own), plus thousands from the library—perhaps five torn pages. Children can be taught respect for books. By and large, they will treat books as they see you treat them. Make birthdays and Christmas occasions for book giving. Books outlast most toys.

But do not expect every book to last indefinitely. Think of books as toys to be used and used to death. Children will learn to respect even cheap editions if you occasionally have a mending session over the broken backs and torn pages. As the children get older, you will no-

tice that books are lasting longer and longer. Don't make the mistake of regarding books as something too precious to use. Better a cheap edition, well used, than an expensive volume that sits on a shelf in lonely grandeur.

Reading aloud to an audience can be very embarrassing, especially if you feel that you do it badly, or that your listeners are waiting for you to make mistakes. But children are not very critical. They love you, and will listen because you are giving them your attention. If you are self-conscious about reading aloud, offer it up in a spirit of humility; don't think about your discomfort, but about the pleasure you are giving to the children. If you read badly (you think), one of the best remedies is to read the story silently beforehand. After all, you wouldn't think much of a teacher who went into class without preparation. Pre-reading makes reading aloud much easier, and increases self-confidence.

If it should happen that children aren't interested in what you are reading, they will show it, never fear. They may wander away, start fighting or fidgeting, or even say, in a loud voice, "Let's do something else." Very disconcerting, but it happens in the best of families.

We have done a huge amount of family reading, yet occasionally we pick something which bores the children completely. *Swiss Family*

Robinson is a case in point. We really tried to ram it down their throats. After all—a classic, an adventure story about other children—why shouldn't they just eat it up? But we had regretfully to put it away, wondering what was wrong. Nothing was. They were just too young. A year later, one of the boys brought the book to us and asked to have it read, and you should have seen the interest in it from start to finish!

Until you get to know your children's tastes in books, browse around the library, or ask the librarian for help in selecting books for the age level you are trying to satisfy. She can also direct you to graded reading lists, which are a big help to the parent who isn't very familiar with children's literature.

In the area of religious reading, we have found storytelling most effective during the preschool years. Our children are lucky because they are blessed with a father who has a flair for dramatic storytelling. Noe, David and Goliath, Daniel in the lion's den, the three men in the fiery furnace had no trouble at all competing with the Cisco Kid or the Lone Ranger. A book which helped us a lot was a Bible History, really a grade-school textbook. Before the children could read, they knew most of the stories by heart, and would spend long periods "reading" the pictures. The three younger ones are in that stage now.

As the children reached school years, we introduced saints' lives. Twenty years ago that particular field of Catholic writing was very poor. Now both quantity and quality are excellent, so that it is hard to decide what to buy first.

Bringing up a family means more than feeding them, clothing them, keeping them clean, and providing the creature comforts of

life. It is the parents' duty, and it should also be their pleasure, to develop the imaginations of their children, widen their mental horizons, enrich their minds with the understanding and wisdom of the great minds of the past. Someone has said, "He who loves reading has everything within his reach." We might add, "He who loves reading will never be lonely."

Worldly Wisdom

A FARMER, plowing with one mule, kept shouting: "Giddap, Pete! Giddap, Barney! Giddap, Johnny! Giddap, Tom!"

His friend asked, "How many names does that mule have?"

"Only one," the farmer said. "His name is Pete. He doesn't know his own strength, so I put blinders on him, yell a lot of names, and he thinks three other mules are helping him."

Better Farming.

A TEACHER asked her class the difference between results and consequences. One pupil replied, "Results are what you expect; consequences are what you get."

Employment Counselor.

A CUSTOMER waiting for a job to be done on his car watched a mechanic change the oil in another car. He didn't spill a drop. He checked the radiator carefully, cleaned the windshield, wiped away the greasy finger marks. Then he washed his hands thoroughly, placed a clean cloth over the upholstery, and drove the car slowly out to the curb.

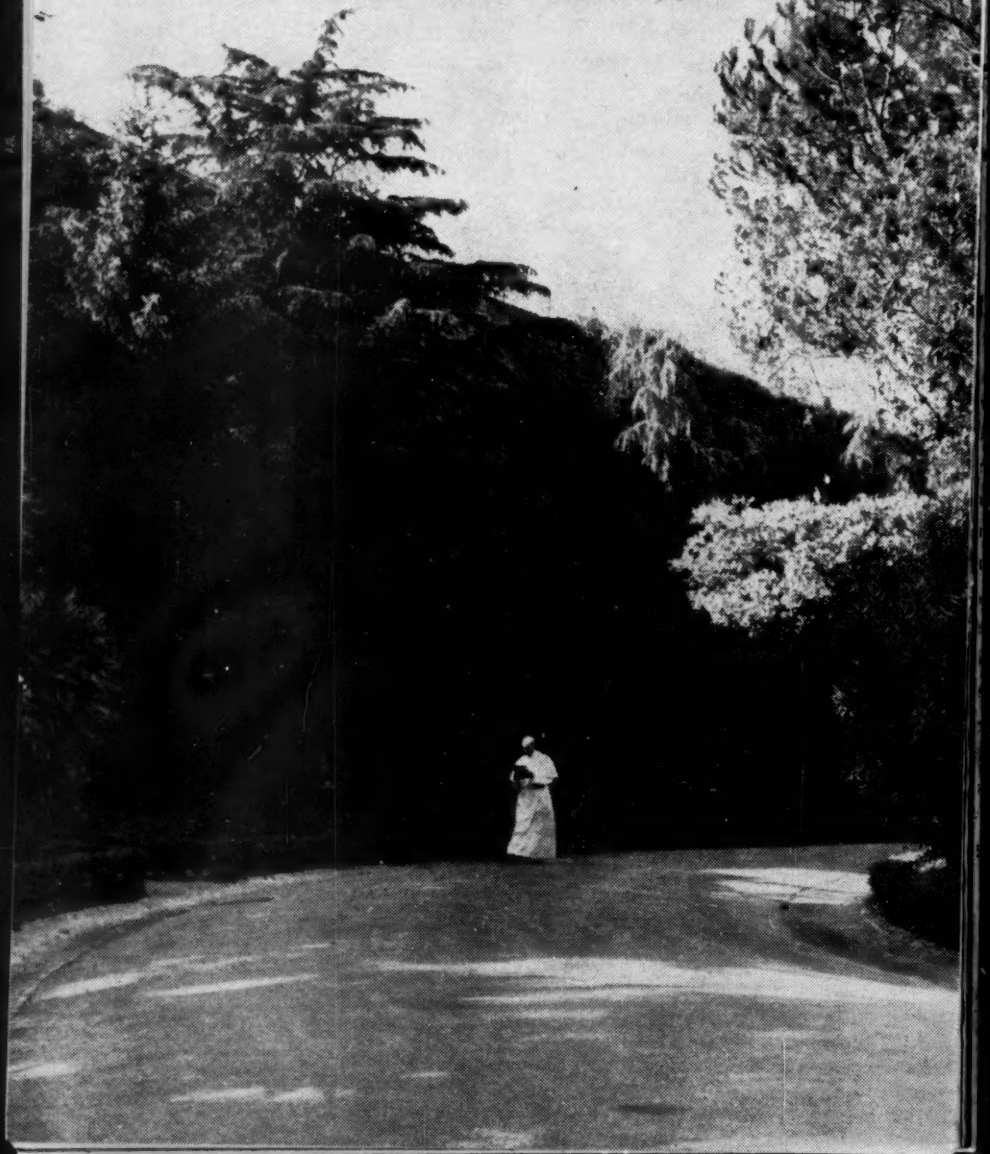
"Now there's a real mechanic," the customer observed.

"You think so?" said the station manager. "That's his own car." *Machinist.*

IN AN ESSAY on *Things I Am Thankful For*, a little boy listed "my glasses." He explained, "They keep the boys from fighting me, and the girls from kissing me."

United Mine Workers Journal.

*The Holy Father and
His Household*



Each Pope has an official family. As a unit, it is rarely seen. Within the confines of Vatican City, about 1,000 persons work from day to day, assisting His Holiness to administer to the daily needs of 400 million Catholics around the world.

Most of the "family" are citizens of the Vatican State. A few, cardinals of the Curia, for example, are permitted to live in Italy, but remain citizens of the Vatican by choice.

Among members of the "family" are 110 Swiss Guards, 150 policemen, clerks, radio technicians, reporters, editors, librarians, cooks, housekeepers, statisticians, monsignors, and department heads, the last group largely cardinals.

Each knows that, inside the Vatican State, the Holy Father is the temporal chief of state as well as the spiritual leader of the Catholic world. Here, all legislative, executive, and judiciary powers repose in one man.

As a "boss," the Pope is perhaps best summed up by a non-Catholic foreign correspondent who has been accredited to the Vatican for years. "Behind his glasses," he says, "the eyes of Pius seem to enlarge and

There is a serenity in the man and the place as the Pope recites his Office on a shaded walk.





Two advocates of the consistory meet. They set up agenda for discussion, create new dioceses.

darken. They turn upon a clerk, or a prince, and they are so full of compassion that if it were not for protocol you would want to embrace him. Whatever gentility there is in the world reposes in those eyes.

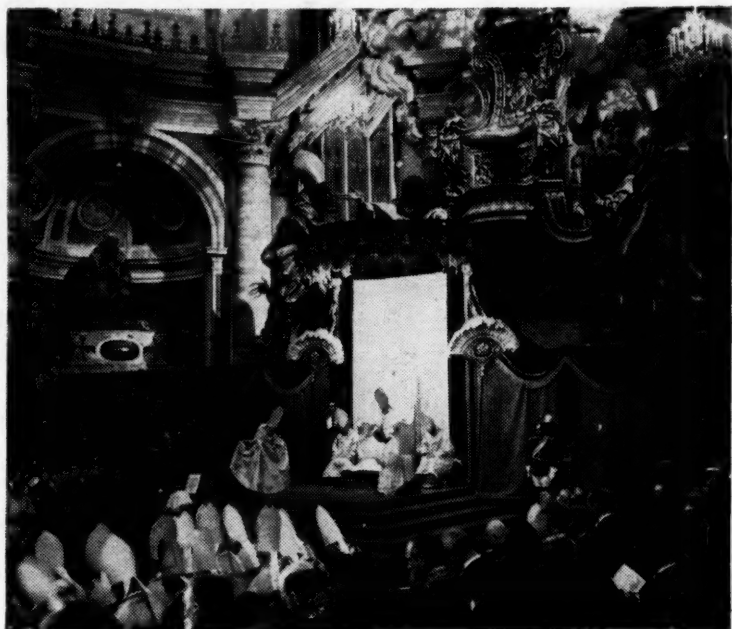
"He speaks softly and swiftly, in whatever language the worker uses. He asks for something, a record, a copy of a letter, and, if it is not available at the moment, the Pope holds his hand up, palm down, and waves it back and forth. He is not in a hurry.

"Daily, he gets reports from the many departments and also from the bishops all over the world. He works with his 'family' from before dawn until long after dark. The clerks have regular hours. He has none."

Here, in photos, is a rare look at some of the men who work in Vatican City.



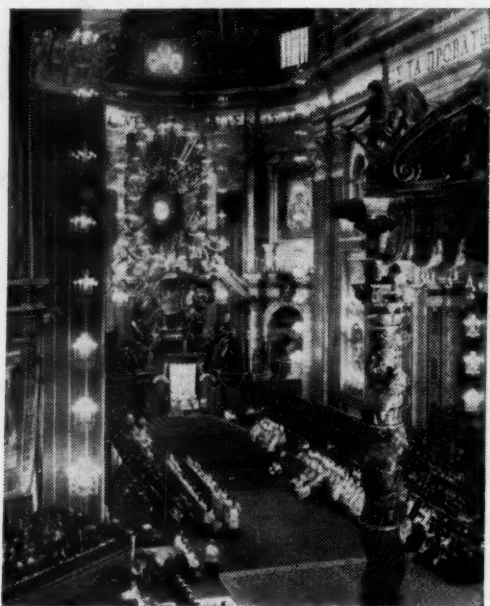
These are the Lords Chamberlain to the Pontiff. The man in the plume is head of the Swiss Guards.



Pius XII, enthroned, is flanked by part of his "family," cardinals and diplomats.

Another part of the "family," the Congregation of Sacred Rites, discusses reforms.





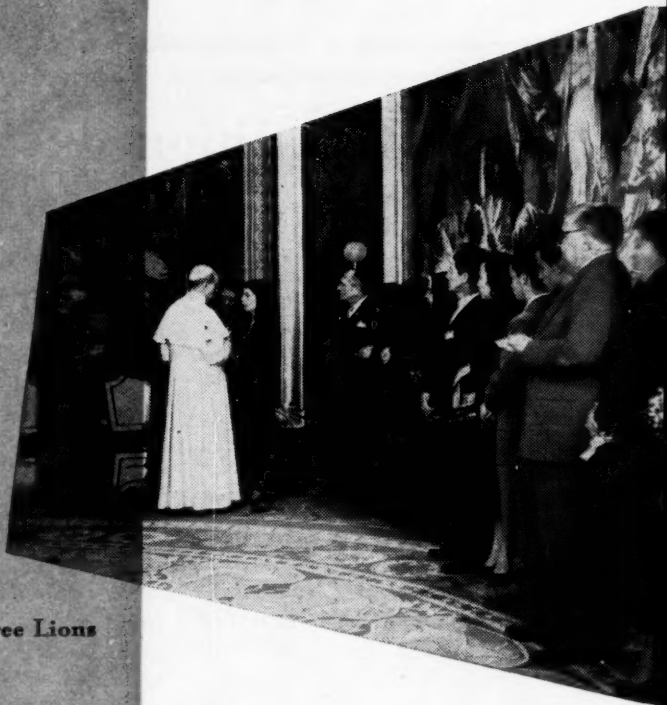
Even on solemn occasions, the "family" sits closest to the Pope enthroned. The column at right was executed by Bernini.

The "family" correspondence is bound and filed here. It dates back many centuries.

Like most states, the Vatican is departmentalized. Monsignor Tardini heads Extraordinary Affairs.



The hours between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. are denied to the "family" because, at this time, the Pope holds audiences.



Photography by Three Lions

The Noble Guard is composed of 70 men, mostly princes. Commander is Prince Chigi, second from left.



Two members of the "family," Cardinals Verde and Micara, chat.



*An entire community in Texas is a laboratory
for the sake of our comfort tomorrow*

Air-Conditioned Village

By SID ROSS and JOHN DEVANEY

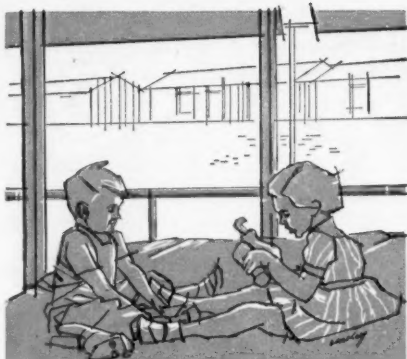
Condensed from *Parade**

JUST OUTSIDE TORRID Austin, Texas, stands a village of 22 new houses, each of which is air-conditioned. Out of this laboratory are coming facts that may shape the design of future houses throughout America for years to come.

The "guinea pigs" of the experiment are the families who have been living in the houses for the past year. Their homes (each family owns its own) were designed by experts, each using different plans, different building materials, and different air-conditioning systems.

Being guinea pigs doesn't bother the villagers in the least; on the contrary, they're delighted at beating the Texas heat. Says one woman, "We're a much happier family now. We used to get mad at each other every June and stay that way all summer. Now I don't even mind having to water the lawn or pull weeds. I can always run back to the cool house."

Such comments are being jotted down by the laboratory's researchers, along with data on the comparative performance of the air conditioners. Their findings will



have a profound effect on how we build our houses during the next generation. If you're smart, they will also determine how you air-condition your own home.

Air-Conditioned Village was built early in 1954. The work was done by 18 local builders under guidance of a committee from the National Association of Home Builders and the National Warm Air Heating and Air Conditioning association. Ned A. Cole, Austin builder, heads the committee.

The houses are all single-level, three-bedroom, two-bathroom places. They were built to sell for \$12,000, exclusive of land costs.

The 22 houses have 22 different brands of air conditioners. In some the air is sprayed from the floors, in others from the walls or ceilings.

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. May 22, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Parade Publication, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

There are both water and air-cooled units.

With typical Texas fanfare, the village was opened formally on June 1, 1954. A Texas Ranger marked the occasion by shooting a block of ice in two, and a sheriff's posse galloped around the houses.

The village's citizens are a fair selection of young and old, working and retired people, according to Cole. They were not hand-picked, however; the houses were sold to buyers on a first-come, first-served basis. Each buyer, in return for getting an air-conditioned house for only \$12,000, signed an agreement allowing his family to be used as guinea pigs for one year.

Experts put in a week or two poking around each house with truckloads of gadgets, to record air temperature, humidity, air currents, and dozens of other factors. Some houses had as many as 400 instruments inside, outside, overhead, and underneath.

During the testing period, rods were placed from floor to ceiling in each room so that temperatures could be recorded at various heights. In addition, the technicians counted how many times a day the front and rear doors were opened, interviewed each member of the family, noted their comments and complaints.

Out of all the tests and questions came enough data to fill a good-sized room. The figures have not

yet been completely analyzed, but what they show thus far has surprised even the experts.

For instance, a \$100-a-year estimate for the operating cost proved too optimistic. With this area's 2¢-an-hour average utility rate, the average operating cost in the village is \$140 yearly.

The builder's cost for installing the systems averaged \$285, but ran as low as \$138, as high as \$453.

The noise of the units was a headache. Most houses, says Cole, aren't designed for air conditioning, and soundproof walls are too expensive for a \$12,000 home. "The real solution," says Cole, "is for manufacturers to make quieter equipment."

Of the three main factors in air conditioning—air circulation, humidity control, and temperature control—circulation is most important. Here's how the experts found this out.

First they disconnected the thermostats in the houses and put red sand in the chambers where the mercury normally is; the sand gave a "reading" of 75° to the unsuspecting residents. Then the experts pushed up the real temperature to 76, 77, 78, 79, 80. They got no complaints till the temperature hit 78, didn't really hear a lot of howls till it touched 80. Then the experts dropped the temperature, past 75 to 72, 71, and finally 70. Only at 70 did anybody kick. So the researchers decided that temperature

in air-conditioned homes can vary between 70° and 78° without causing discomfort.

Next they set the temperature at 75° in each house, but fiddled with the humidity control. Nobody complained until the humidity went below 40% or above 60%.

Finally, all the thermostats were set at 75° and humidity controls at 50%. The experts then shut off the air circulation in every house; in a matter of minutes they were bombarded by protests from all the families in the village.

Final conclusion: you can juggle temperature and humidity in an air-conditioned house, but you've got to keep the air moving.

Just how people behave in an air-conditioned home is getting a close look from a University of Texas psychologist, who has been interviewing village residents for a year. He wants to find out how the air-conditioned home of tomorrow will affect your personality, social habits, family life.

Summer's heat had shed its terror, each family agreed. One man said his family used to flee to Colorado's cool mountains for a summer vacation, but now they stay home during the summer and take a winter vacation in Mexico.

No more do people flock to air-cooled movies and restaurants to beat the heat. "It's just like not having a summer," said one woman. "I cook the same as I do in winter, yet I don't get tired and

cranky over a hot stove. I remember that I used to wait until 10 o'clock at night, when the house had cooled down, to iron, but now I do it most any time."

Dusting has to be done only once every two weeks, said another woman, gleefully. "And we won't have to put our winter clothes in storage any more," she added, "since there's no heat to ruin them."

The village residents throw more parties than they did in their old homes, said another woman. Her friends from unluckier parts of Austin are always eager for an invitation to dodge the heat. "My friends used to switch houses for our bridge parties," she said, "but now they're all held at our place."

Tastier menus were dished up during the summer, claimed another woman. "I baked cakes and pies all summer long," she said. "The year before, we lived on salads and sandwiches."

"The only gripe I have," said her husband, "is the extra expense, though it's worth it. Even if you can't afford the electricity bills, at least you can worry in comfort."

There were a few other complaints. Grumbled one housewife: "The children were underfoot in the house all summer long. I couldn't drive them outside to play. I certainly didn't get much peace." (Cole says that future air-conditioned houses will have to be designed with more play space.)

Another man thought he had more colds than the previous summer, but most of the villagers felt that their health had improved. To find out for sure, the committee, through family doctors, is comparing the villagers' medical histories last summer with those of previous summers.

Out of these studies and observations, says Cole, the ideal air-conditioned house is taking shape in the minds of the committee. "The major glass areas should face south," he says. "The east and west glass areas should be fully shaded by awnings, screens, or garages. All glass should be shaded from reflected glare by trees and shrubbery.

"For insulation you need a light-colored roof, a well-ventilated attic, and ceiling insulation (although we don't know yet what kind or

how much insulation). You must have a complete 'vapor seal' to keep out moisture; this can be either asphalt or aluminum foil. Air distribution should blanket the outside walls with air and also give general circulation.

"The equipment itself should provide good humidity and temperature control. The largest system is not necessarily the best. If too large a system is installed for the house, it will turn off and on too frequently.

"Better equipment," Cole believes, "is undoubtedly in the cards, but present equipment won't become obsolete until chemistry or electronics takes over—and that's far, far in the future."

Out of today's Air-Conditioned Village may well come tomorrow's air-conditioned cities.



Juvenile Delinquency: A Modest Proposal

I'VE GOT A PLAN to lick juvenile delinquency. I propose that we bring into captivity every teen-ager, delinquent or undelinquent, and assign him to two adults, preferably a man and a woman. These adults would be given full authority over the teen-ager.

Adults and teen-agers would live together as a kind of cell (much like the old-time family) on a very friendly basis. The teen-agers would be made to feel at home (adults will have to be educated in how to communicate this feeling), but in all major things they would be subject to the orders of the adults. Major things would include attendance at school, attention to dress and manners, care in choosing friends, and being where the adults want them to be.

Somebody else thought of the plan before I did. It was summed up in a law handed to Moses, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

James D. Alberse in *Friar* (Feb. '54).

Just looking for it is fun, win or lose

You Might Find Uranium!

By BOB WHITE

Condensed from the *Town Journal**

A STRANGER WALKED into the busy print shop of the weekly *Times-Independent* at Moab, Utah, "Uranium Capital of the West." He interrupted Bev Spencer, editor and publisher, in the middle of a rush job.

"Can you tell me," asked the stranger, "where I can stake some uranium claims this afternoon, some place not too far from the highway?"

Editor Spencer ordinarily is a calm man. But such queries had exhausted his patience.

"I can tell you where you might stake some claims," snapped Bev, "but you'll have to drive about 150 miles. Over rough country. Then hike two or three days. It's tough, but you've got to work a little to make a million, now."

Editor Spencer was exaggerating a bit about that 150-mile drive and two-day hike—but not about

the riches of the Moab territory.

Two years ago you could have located a claim almost anywhere along the 53-mile stretch of sage country between Moab and Monticello. Today that ground's all staked. You may even see a uranium drill rig working in coyote pasture a stone's throw from the highway.

It's the same story off the beaten path. A dirt road cuts off the highway north of Moab, climbs a red-rock canyon, and snakes over the

mesa to the deep gorge of the Green river. Not a house in 40 miles; but claim stakes line the road all the way.

Just last month I drove south of Monticello into the piñon-studded Montezuma canyon. There the country is posted with printed placards: "Prospectors, Attention—This Ground Has Been Staked."

You'll find it the same over much of the



*1111 E St., N.W., Washington 4, D.C. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Four Corners country—southeastern Utah, southwestern Colorado, northwestern New Mexico, and even on the sprawling Navajo reservation in northeastern Arizona.

So, if you've been bitten by the uranium bug, take warning. You're not likely to make a fortune now on a Sunday afternoon. It has happened that fast—to a very few. It could happen again because there's lots of uranium still to be found. But prospecting is a big, big gamble. Don't gamble on uranium if you can't afford to lose.

The "vacation prospector," he who blithely invests in a Geiger counter and drives 2,000 or 3,000 miles to spend a week or two in search of U_3O_8 , should not take himself too seriously. He'll get his money's worth in mountain and desert scenery. He may have experiences he'll talk about all his life. But he'll be lucky if he can find a single unstaked plot worth the time it takes to stake it.

Your chances are somewhat better if you have the time and money to spend six months or a year prospecting. But the odds still are far from even.

How about coming West, getting a job, and prospecting on week ends? Don't count on it.

Some "\$1 million strikes" of the last year have been made by weekend prospectors. But these have been people who know the country, who already have jobs.

I talked with M. B. Lincoln, the officer in charge of the Utah state employment office at Moab. "This spring we've averaged 40 people a day looking for work," Lincoln said. "We've had as high as 75 a day. And not all the people hunting jobs come to our office."

Jobs were found for some. Lincoln placed about 200 in March alone, will place more than that in the months ahead. But he expects even more applicants.

A young acquaintance of mine, a skilled miner, wasn't able to find work until early April, after "hustling" since November. He'd slept in a friend's car in Moab most of the cold winter nights, washed dishes for his meals.

My neighbor, Fred, in Durango, Colo., quit a good job in Texas after getting an "inside tip" on a uranium strike that didn't materialize. Now his family lives in Durango while he works at the uranium mill at Shiprock, N. M., nearly 100 miles away. And he's getting much less money than he made in Texas.

There is work here. More than 1,000 mines are producing ore. Mills are working the clock around. There's lots of general construction, homes, business buildings, highways, power lines. But in the boom town of Moab and to a lesser extent in other Four Corners towns, there are two men for every job.

Labor supply and demand affect wages, of course, so wages aren't high. Supply and demand also in-

fluence living costs, and living costs aren't low.

Just getting a place to sleep can be a problem. One friend of mine in Moab pays \$60 a month for a bunk bed in a trailer. I know of a family that pays \$125 a month rent for a trailer. One young bookkeeper and his wife gladly pay \$100 a month for a room in a private home.

Motel rooms in Moab average \$7 a night. Trailer camps charge around \$30 a month for parking space. And two thirds of Moab's 4,500 population (up from 1,200 three years ago) must be living in trailers, for more than 1,200 trailer houses are now on Grand county's tax rolls.

I've told you those facts, so my conscience is clear. Prospect at your own peril. But now, if you'll keep in mind the dark side of the picture, I'll let you in on what isn't exactly a secret. There's still a chance for the amateur prospector who can pay the price.

A year ago, wiseheads in the uranium business were saying quite sincerely that the day of the amateur ore hunter was over. The best parts of the country had been explored, they said. The surface outcrops all had been staked.

The big uranium finds of the future would come from deep drilling, down 600, 1,200, perhaps 4,000 feet. Deep drilling is costly; even if the drills find ore, deep-shaft mining takes money in big chunks.

Uranium, said the "experts" a year ago, had become strictly "big business."

The amateurs, of course, didn't listen. And in the last year, amateurs have made at least a dozen strikes worth from \$100,000 to \$1 million or more.

Common sense tells you, of course, that the big companies have the best future. They can afford helicopters and planes for aerial exploration, the finest equipment, high-priced geologists. But there's still a chance for the amateurs. There's always hope for another strike like Charley Steen's Mi Vida near Moab, with ore worth \$70 million. Or for another mine like Vernon Pick's Delta, which sold for nearly \$10 million.

So if you have a grubstake of, say, \$4,000; if you can stay six months or more in the uranium country; if you have a taste for rugged living; if you'll keep in mind the sour notes in the mostly cheerful uranium tune—you can dream of hunting uranium.

What's the best way to go about it? I'd say, head for Grand Junction, Colo. Grand Junction is the "metropolis" of Colorado's western slope—grown from 12,000 to 18,000 or more, because of uranium. At Grand Junction is the Colorado Plateau headquarters of the Atomic Energy commission.

Talk with some of the AEC people and other mining men. Read some books and pamphlets.

When it comes to outfits, you might learn something from my friend Bob Boyle of Durango. He has worked in mines from California to Montana and prospected for gold, silver, tungsten, and, of course, uranium.

Bob has claims in three states. Some of them, he's sure, are worth \$1 million. But he's still looking for more ground.

Most prospectors favor the jeep. Bob travels, however, in a battered panel truck. It won't go every place a jeep will, but where the truck won't go Bob's willing to walk.

Bob can spend a night on the desert without even a blanket. He'll take a short slug of canteen water for supper, another for breakfast. And he'll hike into camp later in the day, less bothered than most of us are when we miss our lunch. But he doesn't do that if he can help it. His truck is packed with gear.

Bob hauls with him a complete camp outfit, a stock of groceries, water bags, cans of gasoline and oil. He has claim stakes, maps, a \$300 scintillator—more sensitive than a Geiger counter—and a \$50 compass. He carries along a pedometer and a surveyor's tape. He has tools enough to take the motor apart. He even has a rubber boat, in case he has to cross a river. Over the load is spread a comfortable mattress and plenty of bedding.

With that outfit, Bob can stay out in the hills two or three weeks

at a time, or as long as his gasoline holds out.

Where to go, now that you're outfitted? Don't ask me; if I knew of an unstaked million, I'd be there now. But the West is big. Lots of ground hasn't been gone over.

Montana is just beginning to get uranium-conscious. Wyoming, already the scene of some \$1 million strikes, is drawing much attention. So is South Dakota. But Idaho is almost virgin territory; much of Arizona and New Mexico are unexplored.

You might even hit it lucky here in Four Corners, though lots of folks have been ahead of you.

In your first months, you'll learn many things that only experience can teach. You'll soon be talking wisely about geological formations: Navajo, Morrison, Chinle, Shinarump. You'll learn that your Geiger counter is a friend, indeed, but that there are times and places where it can't be trusted. You'll learn how to stake claims; how to write out a location notice to be placed in a tin can on the discovery monument, "located 2,300 feet more or less southeasterly from the point where Lost creek runs into Stolen Horse."

If you get too curious about someone else's claim, you may even get shot at. Guns are being worn again in some "hot" uranium country. But that's not likely.

Certainly you'll get sunburned, windburned, hot, thirsty, bone-

tired. You'll get stuck in sand, stuck in mud. And if you're lucky, real, real lucky, you may even find uranium!

What to do after you've found it? Stake your claims, of course. Stake all the promising area; and, just to be safe, stake some that's not so promising. It takes only \$1 to get a 20-acre claim on record at the county seat.

You're not yet a millionaire, no matter how good your "property" may look. All mines and claims are referred to as "property." Banks won't lend money on ore in the ground. You'll either have to mine it, or sell it to someone who will.

Unless you know more about mining than a good 90% of prospectors, and unless you have so much money you really don't need any more, your best bet is to find a buyer. Preferably, a mining company with plenty of funds and know-how. If you have faith in your property, you'll be willing to settle for a low down payment if you can get a contract for early development—plus a sizable royalty.

What happens to uranium ore after it comes out of the ground? You don't have to worry about a market. Uncle Sam is the only customer, but he's promised to buy all the ore that's produced until 1962. Some think the market may fall off then, that the price will take a drop. But that's minority opinion. With an atomic submarine already afloat, atomic power plants project-

ed, studies under way on an atomic locomotive, and a dozen other uses besides The Bomb, there's not likely to be a slump in uranium.

From the mine, ore goes to a mill for crushing and treatment to extract the uranium and vanadium, often found in the same ore. Nine mills are running full blast in the Colorado Plateau area; others will be started this summer. Broadly speaking, each mill is designed to handle different types of ore.

Conceivably, you might make a strike south of Durango's Smelter mountain, only a few miles away from the Durango mill of the Vanadium Corporation of America—one of the biggest mills on the Plateau. But it's possible the VCA mill couldn't process that particular kind of ore. You might have to ship it to Grand Junction, or Shiprock, or even Salt Lake City.

Uranium and vanadium concentrates from all the Plateau mills go to the AEC compound at Grand Junction. There the barrels are weighed, sampled, retested. From Grand Junction they go to—wherever Uncle Sam wants them to go.

If you insist on hunting for uranium, remember the odds are against you. But even though you wind up broke you'll not regret the year or half-year you spent prospecting—if you can spare the time. One thing about our high and dry uranium country: you'll feel like a millionaire here, even when down to your last dime.

Don't Let the Child Experts Scare You

It's fairly easy to be an expert yourself!

By DR. C. D. WILLIAMS

As told to Thomas Walsh

Condensed from *Maclean's**

THE WIDESPREAD conviction that child psychologists raise families of superbrats is logical. I know. I'm a professor of psychology at the University of Toronto.

In the late 30's, extreme and usually untrained devotees of the permissive school of child psychology announced flatly that a child was in danger of being frustrated if he was stopped from doing *anything*. They encouraged children to run amok, breaking anything they felt like breaking.

The lunatic fringe of behaviorists warned mothers not to show their children that they loved them, not to cuddle them or pick them up.

"Experts" in child care stated that a child must never be punished or reprimanded under any circumstances, lest his individuality be crushed. Child "experts" have claimed that it was dangerous to tell children there was a Santa Claus; that Alice in Wonderland was a time bomb to a child's emotional life; that thumb-sucking was



a sexual manifestation, and that mothers who permitted it were criminally careless. One of the most eminent psychologists in the U.S. saved time by simply announcing that parenthood was a failure.

But it hasn't been just the lunatic fringe that has bewildered the public. The responsible body of child psychology has reversed its position completely on many basic points.

Fifteen years ago, the scientifically approved method of baby care called for scheduled feedings, a prescribed amount at a prescribed time. On the advice of some experts, grandmothers were kept away from the child because they were likely to be softhearted and mess up the schedule.

Now it is believed that scheduled feedings disregard the feelings of

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. May 14, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

the infant, make him feel unloved. Most child psychologists now recommend feeding a baby whenever he's hungry. The new crop of grandmothers is also kept away, but now because they might be too strict!

The average mother is bewildered. She is told that love isn't enough. She is told that she can harm her child by comparing him with others; that she can harm him by praising him and not comparing him with others. She is told that she is entirely responsible for her children's emotional future, that by her ineptitude she can ruin the child's life.

If her children don't turn out to be perfectly adjusted, she's to blame: she either hasn't read enough or has misunderstood what she read. The efforts of many parents to be modern, well-informed, and "scientific" have left them frustrated, confused and guiltstricken to the point where the term "parental anxiety" has been added to the language of psychology.

It's time parents stopped being so anxious. It's time they stopped regarding the normal process of raising a family as some sort of giant booby trap. It's not doing anybody any good, least of all the children.

In the first place, there are no experts about *your* child. There are gifted men and women who are making tremendously important contributions to the study of how children grow physically and emo-

tionally. But they are not trying to produce a standard technique on how to raise a perfect child. This is something picked up by the fanatical fringe of the profession.

Childhood relationships to mother, father, brothers, and sisters do have a definite effect on a child's personality. A girl born into a family where the father wishes a son can feel rejected. Later, when a brother comes along, she may feel intense jealousy. This jealousy can reappear in her adult life as a feeling of inferiority concerning her own talents, and inability to get along with others.

Incidents of childhood do play their part in adult personality. A classroom incident about a physical disability, a frightening experience in a dark room, habitual unpleasantness about meals, dress, discipline—all these can, and do, turn up regularly in adult problems that confront the psychologist.

The effects of early experience more or less lay the foundation for personality. But overzealous experts and many popular writers on psychology, as well as most "progressive" parents, often insist that early experience is the only important thing. In a way, according to this point of view, Junior is built a bit like a television set: very complicated. But if you learn how to connect up the right wires, tighten the right screws, twist the right dials, you'll project a perfect adult. The whole thing, according to this point

of view, is subject to mechanical laws and rules.

But what laws and rules? Over the years there have been so many that it's impossible to sort them out. These, in turn, have been repudiated and new ones produced.

Sound basic advice has been misinterpreted by many self-styled parent-educators and by parents themselves. Love, to many parents, has been misinterpreted as a denial of discipline. The principle of demand feeding, for instance, has already been misinterpreted as meaning that the child should be fed whenever he cries. This is not true. According to the theory of demand feeding, the child should be fed whenever he's hungry. But he cries for many reasons other than hunger.

No matter how intelligently parents have applied the new "science," they've found that they can't fool the children; kids react to fundamental attitudes, not to new tricks. Often a child brought up by parents who did all the right things has baffled them by being bored and apathetic. He has sensed that he is not an individual but a product of their deliberate efforts to make him perfect. He is just a marker in some sort of adult game.

I'm on a radio panel called *Trans-Canada Matinee* with an expert in dietetics and another on household management. I'm supposed to be the expert in child training. A woman in Moose Jaw writes, "My

four-year-old boy is having temper tantrums. What's causing them?"

How would I know? Maybe he's jealous of a younger brother or sister. Maybe he's found it's the quickest way to win his point. Maybe he's not well. The trouble could be caused by a thousand things.

One time I revisited my home town of Winnipeg, and a friend said, "I've listened to every one of your programs, and you haven't answered a single question yet!"

It was one of my proudest moments. I do my best to give general advice to parents, based on the findings agreed on by the general body of psychology. I don't try to give specific advice, applicable to all children. I don't intend to write a prescription for a youngster in Juniper Creek whom I've never met. Any time anybody gives specific psychological pills that can be applied to all children indiscriminately, it's bad advice.

You don't need to be right all the time. Your child wants a man for a father, not a formula. He wants a woman for a mother, not a theory. He wants real parents, real people, capable of making mistakes without moping about it. You're not going to do any harm as long as you do your best.

Let's say that you read the advice: "When you come into the house after work, and you're feeling cranky, it's not fair to take this out on your child." Obviously that's good advice. If you succeed

four out of five times, you're doing fine. Your child is lucky.

But maybe the fifth time disaster strikes. You woke up that morning and found that your youngster had been trying to sharpen his crayons with your electric razor. You told your wife that the coffee was weak, and she burst out crying. On the way to work you ran into all those other idiots of drivers, and that day you made two stenographers cry. That's three women you started sobbing in an eight-hour day. That night you hit a mile-long traffic jam and got home just in time to notice that your voltage regulator wasn't working. You open the door with the disposition of a side-winder.

Junior comes at you ecstatically on his scooter and he crash-lands into your shins. You look up from rubbing your shins and holler, "For the love of Pete, will you stop greeting me like a football tackle!"

Your child retreats, looking startled. You feel like a creep. Receiving a child's love by hollering at him like a maniac! According to the experts, you've left an indelible scar. Your child will remember this scene until he's middle-aged. You've traumatized him. You've inhibited the resolution of his Oedipus complex, and generally committed him to a lifetime of neurosis and frustration.

Take heart. How about the four times you *didn't* flip your lid? Your child isn't that unfair, or that deli-

cate. Single incidents don't cause lasting trouble. When a person becomes seriously ill and neurotic and his history is checked, it's not made up of isolated cases of his parents' mistakes. It's made up of entire histories of unfavorable conditions.

Be reasonable. Did your father ever shout at you unjustly? Did it wreck your life? Maybe you're bloody, but you're unbowed. You know at least one case where a child who was unfairly treated didn't become a charge on society. Maybe you didn't leave an indelible scar on your child's personality, either. Maybe you just gave him a good laugh.

Far more important than being right all the time (you'll never make it) is being honest with your child. Stop posing as a perfect, omniscient human being. Dropping the act will be a relief to you and automatically make you a more relaxed and better parent. You can help the child be himself by being yourself. If you make a mistake, admit it. Your child won't use it against you. He won't conclude that one mistake makes you wrong all down the line. He's a better psychologist than that.

What could be sillier than deciding to love your child because of an approved theory! Either you love your child or you don't. If you do, you can set the pattern for your home and enforce it without causing any psychological disasters.

You don't have to be perfect in

all the details, even if it were possible. You don't have to worry about your bargain-basement fair play or psychological bookkeeping. There are no two children on earth with identical personalities or with identical needs. The closest you can come to fair play toward your children is to do your best to provide them with equal opportunities, which doesn't necessarily mean equal objects.

There are books on child psychology that will provide you with all the details: a handy pack of recipes for making better children. But any book that gives specific rules to be applied to all children is a bad book. If you read specific formulas into a good book you're making a mistake.

Of the many books on child care, some are the work of men and women who have dedicated their lives to the study of childhood growth and development. Such books are the results of careful systematic observation, long clinical experience, and a good deal of wis-

dom. They include books by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Dr. W. E. Blatz, and Dr. Arnold Gesell.

But there are no universal rules, no psychological master keys for bringing up perfect children.

You're not entirely responsible for your children's personalities. If you have one child who, before you have tried any system of training, has an IQ of 140, and another who at the same time has an IQ of 80, how can you be responsible for both? We're all stuck, within limits, with the aptitudes we come into the world with. You can only try to help your child be what he basically is. You should not set impossible goals for your child or yourself. And you shouldn't let anyone else do it.

If you approach the job of being a parent with modesty, a willingness to accept the responsibility of being wrong without undue self-criticism, and enjoy your children, you don't need to let the experts scare you. You'll be an expert yourself.



The Last Word

AN AIR FORCE PILOT happened to receive by mistake a telephoned complaint intended for the base commander. It was from an irate resident of a near-by town.

"This is a dreadful thing!" she said. "Those airplanes of yours are making so much noise I can hardly hear myself think!"

"Are they Russian planes?" the pilot asked.

"Certainly not! They're American planes. I can see them."

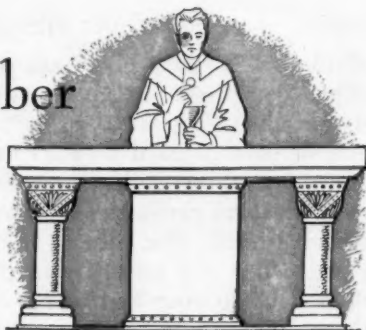
"Thank God!" said the flier, and hung up.

Flying.

A Mass to Remember

As the people worship at St. Gertrude's, they show how their faith is rooted in the earliest Christian centuries.

By EVA MARIA KALLIR
Condensed from *Integrity**



TO WALK INTO St. Gertrude's outside Vienna for Sunday Mass is rather like coming upon a gathering of early Christians. St. Gertrude's, in the little town of Klosterneuburg, Austria, is the parish made famous by Father Pius Parsch. He, until his death a year ago, aimed always at bringing the mass of people to a closer participation in the life and prayer of the Church.

St. Gertrude's is little more than a chapel. It occupies the courtyard of a low, gray building which was once a hospital. As I write, the main building shelters a company of Russian soldiers of the occupation forces, soon to leave. A young sentinel stands a few feet from church. Sunday after Sunday he listens to the singing and praying, watches the coming and going of happy, peaceful, and obviously "working" men and women, and thinks his own thoughts.

The congregation is not large, probably not much more than 100. The chapel would not hold many

more. Most of the congregation come up from Vienna, some are local people. They include students, school children, a few older women. But young people are the most numerous, and there are many more men than usual. Here are types that you can meet all week in any street or home or office; yet a strange, intangible sense of restrained festivity seems to fill them all. More, there is a feeling of unity, of exclusive attention, of something overwhelmingly powerful happening, and of everyone's necessary part in it.

There are moments during Mass when it becomes uncomfortable for a mere "onlooker"; at such moments he may feel (as an intruder in the catacombs might have felt) that here is no place for him. But then, strictly speaking, *is* there a place at Mass for mere onlookers? And has it not been made all too easy, in our own day, for all of us to become such bystanders? Suddenly you ask yourself if you have ever really been to Mass before.

*157 E. 38th St., New York City 16. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Integrity Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Many of the prayers are said by the laity in the vernacular. And they are no longer just words memorized, but the one necessary expression for the thought of a given moment. The Introit, the Offertory, the Communion verse, are sung, not in the shortened form of our missals, but as the full psalms they originally were, with their recurrent antiphons. The melodies are simple, somewhere between folk song and Gregorian chant.

So simple and so appropriate are the words, that you scarcely think about the tune at all; this must have been the way our chant began. It is astonishing how such unhurried, repeated singing of a text can make you aware of its meaning, and aware of why you are singing it on this particular Sunday.

The shorter answers are given in Latin. After the Epistle, the priest comes from behind the altar to a desk-like pulpit immediately facing the congregation. He reads the Gospel in German. The sermon takes up all the texts of today's Mass, and they become as though connected with one shining thread. It is a thread that runs on into each private life and each day of the coming week, and binds them all to one another and to this illuminating focal point: Sunday Mass.

At the Offertory, everyone goes up to the white-covered table that stands in front of the altar. There

is a basket on it for coins. But many people lay loaves of bread there, or apples, or perhaps a skein of wool, to be given to the poor.

For all the inspiration of common praying and singing, it is the periods of common silence that are the most poignant, and give meaning to the rest. For it is a silence of understanding, a silence that happens when words fail. So deep is it that the whispered words of the Consecration fill it like a shout.

At the *Agnus Dei*, the Kiss of Peace, usually restricted to priest and deacons, finds its way into the congregation. (It has been suggested that this ancient gesture of friendship might be replaced by one more meaningful to our own times—as, for instance, a handshake.) The character of Communion as a meal is stressed, as groups of five people approach at a time, to stand around the white-covered Offertory table.

After Mass, when the priest and the altar boys have walked down the Church and out through the low portal, everyone joins in the *Benedicite* and psalm of thanksgiving. The sunshine comes in through the open door, and the pealing of the bell in the little spire, and now and then the crowing of a cock "... bless the Lord, all things that grow on the earth—birds of the air—sons of men—bless the Lord."

You cannot easily go home from such a Mass and forget about it.

A Sunday thus begun would really have to be very different from what our Sundays usually are. In fact, the whole week seems out of proportion; and it is quite disturbing to try to imagine the kind of week that *would* be in keeping with such a Sunday Mass.

It is hard to say just what makes it so different. Certainly it is not anything "done" in this way or that; not the fact that the priest faces the people, nor that everyone knows the Mass prayers, nor that there is an Offertory procession. You can copy all these trappings, and achieve no more than an impressive show. The main thing is something very simple. It is the Mass itself, taken very seriously,

in all its implications, by everyone present. That such awareness should find outward expression is only natural, and that it should find it in the newly understood words and forms of the liturgy is equally natural.

Our own time is in many ways similar to the first Christian centuries, in its upheavals and restless spirit, in its persecutions and pagan atmosphere, in its sharp division of beliefs, and in its need for extreme choices. So it is only fitting that we go back in our worship to those earliest ages. Perhaps this is to be our work in the Church of the 20th century, to rediscover our roots, with all their old strength and vitality.



God's Grace

MY WIFE has many virtues, but her greatest is the fact that she presented me with Grace, the most charming mother-in-law in the world.

Grace captured my heart the first time I met her. She knew right away that I was both shy and clumsy. "Won't you help me with this jigsaw puzzle?" she asked. "I'm having all sorts of trouble with it."

I didn't have to sit uneasily on the edge of my chair, wondering what to do with my hands. I didn't have to be stared at while I tried to make conversation. Grace gathered me into the family circle by her wise request. She made me feel needed.

I had met other mothers before. Each time, I was politely challenged by the same question. The inquiry would be sweet but pointed, "And what do you do for a living?"

Grace, bless her heart, didn't follow the pattern. My income was not important to her—nor my social position. She didn't ask if I had a college degree. After refreshments were served and we were completely relaxed she did want to know something, however.

Looking into my eyes with hope and friendliness, she asked simply, "Tell me, Leonard, are you on speaking terms with God?"

Leonard Sandrof.

The world's most remote air accident had both tragic and happy elements

South Pole Plane Crash

By WILLIAM H. KEARNS, JR., and BEVERLEY BRITTON

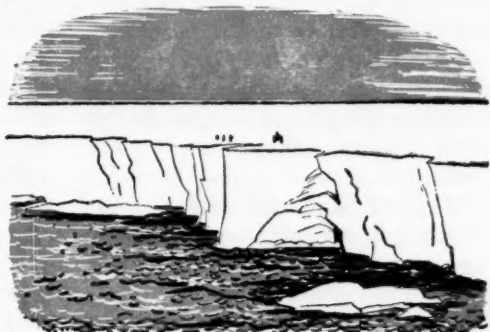
Condensed from
"The Silent Continent"

THE MISSING PLANE, a big bomber, had been swallowed up with its crew of nine Americans down by the South Pole in the icy maw of Antarctica. The men were officers and men of the U. S. navy, engaged in Operation Highjump, exploring the Antarctic continent late in 1946 under Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

George One with its crew had disappeared over the so-called Phantom coast, which borders the Bellingshausen sea. They were part of the Eastern Task group of the expedition assigned to map the eastern half of the continent. The plane was one of three operating from the tender *Pine Island*, near Peter I island.

George One weighed, loaded, close to 35 tons. She could stay in the air nearly 18 hours at a stretch, and could float indefinitely in open water.

Lieut. Ralph P. (Frenchy) LeBlanc, a lanky Cajun from Louisiana, was pilot of *George One*. Co-



pilot was Lieut. Bill Kearns of Boston; the navigator, Ensign Max Lopez of Newport. The five enlisted crewmen included a chief photographer's mate, Owen McCarthy; two radiomen, Jim Robbins and Wendell Hendersin; a crew chief, Bill Warr; and a flight engineer, Fred Williams. *George One* also carried a high-ranking passenger, Capt. Howard Caldwell, the *Pine Island's* skipper.

Plane and crew had left the sea-plane tender, *Pine Island*, at 3 A.M. Dec. 30.

The explorers flew three hours, through weather that was bad even for the Antarctic, before they picked up the coastline. Kearns took over the controls from LeBlanc, and they continued southward.

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Without warning, *George One* ran into what explorers call ice blink, a condition caused by trapped sunlight streaming through clouds. There was a shallow overcast above, and a fine driving snow obscured the land. It was like flying in a bowl of milk.

The altimeters started to give different readings. The heavy ice covering wings and skin made the plane act as if many hands were pulling it down.

"I don't like this," said Kearns. "Let's get out of here." Frenchy agreed, and Kearns banked for the turn.

Just then, a crunching shock ran through the plane. She had grazed something solid. Both men strained on the yoke, careful not to stall her, and *George One* climbed like a homesick angel.

Kearns looked over at LeBlanc and breathed a sigh of relief. The sigh was premature. A tremendous explosion blew the plane apart.

"Something grabbed me squarely by the seat of the pants," Kearns said later, "and threw me upward against the cockpit glass. In that split second, I knew I was headed straight for the starboard propeller. How I missed that meat cleaver, I'll never know. But when I came to, I was all in one piece—just full of pain, and nearly frozen."

None of the other survivors knew, either, how they had been spared. Not one of them was wearing a parachute, but the soft drift-

ing snow cushioned their fall. They looked at each other numbly.

An agonizing scream cut through the wail of the wind. It was Frenchy's voice. Robbins and Kearns ran toward the plane's midsection, tilted crazily with its top torn open to sky and storm. Frenchy's body was strapped helplessly in the cockpit, while gasoline flames leapt up at him. Warr came in to help, and the three dragged LeBlanc free.

Frenchy's face, arms, and legs were burned black and were already starting to swell. He was only half-conscious, writhing, and muttering unintelligibly. Kearns covered him with a parachute while the others went off to search for the missing.

Probing in the blinding blizzard, they found the inert bodies of Ensign Lopez, Hendersin, and Williams. Apparently, all had died instantly. The living turned their attention to their own welfare.

The only possible shelter was what remained of *George One*. The big plane had broken into three sections. Wings and center panel were intact. Driving snow had nearly smothered the fire in the flight-deck section, which lay about 20 feet forward of the wings. Forty feet behind, tossed on its port side, the waist was still attached to the tail section. By squeezing, all could get inside.

In the drifting snow they found sleeping bags, still neatly rolled in their khaki containers. Robbins

and Warr rigged one for Frenchy, and carried him into the severed waist. Then the rest crowded in. McCarty spread parachutes over openings, and the six exhausted men dropped off to sleep.

Some 18 hours later, the men began to stir. Robbins and Warr, young "eager beavers," scoured the wreckage for food but came up with only some dried fruit. This furnished a cheerless New Year's eve dinner for the men of *George One*, and they bedded down again.

The situation was anything but hopeful. The men had crashed in an unknown sector of the continent, and already a screaming blizzard was covering the blackened wreckage. Three men were dead, and a fourth seemed almost certain to die unless he got prompt medical care.

Captain Caldwell was afraid the storm had driven them off course, and that searchers might direct their efforts to another area.

Robbins outdid himself in his scrounging that afternoon. He had already found a stove, but no fuel. Now he came back with four loaves of bread, a gallon can of peanut butter, some soup, and canned heat. That evening, the men had their first real meal since the crash, spinach soup, and a slice of bread with peanut butter.

Next day the snow stopped, and all but LeBlanc and Kearns went outside. Their first job was to cover their dead shipmates with snow.

Then they searched the wreck systematically. They found much of the survival gear, including two trail tents and the emergency sled, but nothing of the cameras, surveying equipment, or the precious charts.

They also found more food; now they had pemmican, canned ham, pickles, and more soup. Best of all, they discovered that the port bomb-bay tank hadn't exploded. That meant 500 gallons of aviation gas for the stove.

With the storm over and living conditions improved by their findings, Captain Caldwell suggested a system of rationing food and responsibilities. His idea was to keep everyone occupied with some job, preferably one he liked. Kearns would be Frenchy's nurse.

Frenchy's pain had abated, and he slept for long hours at a stretch. But everyone knew his condition was bad. His burned eyelids were closed tight. His face was covered with a hard black crust, and swollen to inhuman shape. His hands were bloated like fat sausages. Kearns examined him closely, and found his thighs and back a mass of angry burns. Kearns found some cooking oil and rubbed it on Frenchy's feet each day, hoping to keep them from freezing.

Everyone had an incessant thirst, but LeBlanc's was much the worst.



The burns had dehydrated his body, and it took large quantities of snow, melted on the stove, to get him even a mouthful of water. They tried at first to keep a cup of water handy for Frenchy at night, but it would freeze solid in a few minutes. All of them knew better than to eat the snow itself, for it could cause frostbite inside the mouth.

But Frenchy was far from being counted out. In his more lucid moments he cheered the others with his dogged optimism. "Don't you guys worry," he would say. "They'll find us soon, and we'll all be eating steaks."

But Frenchy often went into delirium, and then he'd lift himself to his blistered feet and mumble that he was "going below to see the doc." His companions would have to force him back into his sleeping bag, not an easy task, with a badly burned man of his size.

Near the end of the first week, skua gulls began to hover around the camp site. The skua is a big ugly bird, almost as large as an albatross, and is a scavenger. McCarty finally drove them off with a blast from a broken shotgun.

After that, Captain Caldwell suggested a more proper burial for their dead comrades. The next day was clear and sunny, and the men moved the three bodies to the starboard wingtip, with their heads facing to the south. Then they covered the dead men with a deep

blanket of pure white snow. Captain Caldwell placed a flag at the head of the grave, with a note telling how the three had died, and the rest stood for a moment in silent prayer.

One of the regular daily tasks was to keep the snow brushed off the plane's dark metal surfaces, so that it could be seen. The plane was big enough to provide a radar target, too.

They continued to search the wreckage. One of their finds was an emergency transmitter, an hourglass "Gibson Girl." This is a handwound gadget that sends signals on 500 kilocycles, the international distress frequency. It worked, but days went by and the signals brought no response.

Then Robbins found parts of the plane's radio transmitter. He combined coils and a dynamotor, and hooked up the generator to the radio. The men cheered as the dynamotor began to hum.

Captain Caldwell ground the crank, working up a heavy sweat. The voltmeter needle climbed. Then it hovered, and finally stopped a scant four volts short of the necessary 24.

For two days, Robbins dug in the snow, searching for more batteries. None turned up. Unless someone had picked up the Gibson Girl transmissions, the group was still out of touch with the world.

Meanwhile, the rest of the men dragged out all the dark objects

they could find, to help a search plane. They scattered radar reflectors. They painted a message on *George One's* wrecked wings: "Lopez, Hendersin, Williams dead. LeBlanc hurt."

By this time they had recovered about four-fifths of their emergency food, and if necessary they could make this last for nearly 30 days. But they kept to tight rations. Robbins had become an excellent cook, and was cheered for making the rock-like pemmican edible.

The smell of stew and the buzz of conversation usually woke Frenchy, and often he would join in. On the evening of the ninth day, as Captain Caldwell came through the parachute curtain, Frenchy said, "Wipe your feet before you come in the house, captain." Everyone just laughed at first; suddenly they realized who had said it.

Frenchy was lying there with his eyes open. He could see!

But Frenchy was growing worse; his deliriums became more frequent. Rescue must come soon, for his sake. The only first-aid supplies, a package of sulfa tablets, had been exhausted.

Frenchy's feet, a sickly gray-white, were ice-cold. They had a withered look that told Kearns they were frozen, and a pungent odor that indicated gangrene.

The weather began to break on

the 12th day. Patches of blue appeared in the sky, and the sun beat down. For the first time, the castaways got a good look at their surroundings. They were high on a mountain ridge, and at their backs rose higher mountains, merging in the far distance into an unending whiteness. Beneath them, the ever-moving sea ice was broken occasionally by open leads that showed dark water, with great "growler" bergs that crashed and groaned in the currents. Except for the bergs, and the whisper of shifting snow, silence pressed around them like a blanket.



It was so cold that it hurt to breathe deeply. The men could see ice crystals forming as they exhaled. But on this day, the sun was near its height, about 40° above the horizon, and the temperature rose to nearly 35° above. The men's spirits improved.

Next morning, as Kearns sat in his sleeping bag changing socks, he suddenly became aware of a new sound. It was like the beat of props that comes before you catch the full engine sound. For a moment it died out, and he thought his imagination was playing tricks. Then it was there again.

Kearns grabbed his boots, clawed his way outside, and yelled: "Airplane! Airplane! It's a plane!"

McCarty was there, too, pointing upward.

About two miles away, and no higher than 3,000 feet, they saw a PBM just like *George One*, headed right over their position. Everyone shouted, and Bill Warr waved an orange life-raft cover. Robbins fired the Very's pistol; McCarty set off the smoke grenades. But the PBM continued on its course.

It was too much to take. Bill Warr threw himself onto the snow, yelling crazily, "They didn't see us!" McCarty shook his fist toward the sky, and called for the plane to return. Captain Caldwell stood dumbfounded on the wing of *George One*.

Even in their disappointment, the men quickly recognized their possibly fatal error. In the whiteness, Captain Caldwell had been sure the dark wreckage would stand out like a beacon. He had counted, also, on the reflectors, flares, and smoke grenades.

But they had overlooked the obvious thing. Their smoke grenades had come from life rafts, and were designed for use at sea. They made a grayish-white smoke that couldn't possibly be seen against a snowy background.

They might have another chance. Probably the plane was on a standard "ladder search," which, when laid out on a chart, looks just like a ladder. The pilot's next position should be about ten miles away, but he could see them if they made a smoke signal that would show. Captain Caldwell galvanized the

group into action. They dragged out a rubber life raft and filled it with anything that would burn, manila line, cardboard, wood, paper. Then they poured gasoline over it.

Two hours after the first sighting, Captain Caldwell cried, "There she is, lads!" This time the PBM was about six miles away, flying much higher on an angular course. Robbins dropped a match into the life-raft pyre and McCarty stood by, ready to set off the bomb-bay gas tank if necessary.

A column of heavy black smoke shot into the air. It rose straight up to more than 300 feet, then fanned out in a long tail.

But still the plane continued on its course.

The watching men prayed hard, their eyes glued on the big blue Mariner. Suddenly the pilot rocked his wings in recognition, and began a long shallow dive over them.

"We're saved!" McCarty shouted, and tears ran unchecked down his face. Kearns rolled in the snow, laughing almost hysterically, Robbins and Warr joined hands in a wild dance, and even Captain Caldwell did a caper.

Then they remembered Frenchy. They had left him alone for nearly an hour, and Kearns ran back to tell him the news. But Frenchy had heard the laughter and the roar of the plane, and had pulled himself to the opening in the wreckage.

"What'd I tell you guys?" His

voice almost swaggered. "I knew we'd get out of this mess."

Supplies came parachuting down, food, clothes, cigarettes, bedding, whisky, a rifle and ammunition. Co-pilot Bob Goff even pulled off his own flight suit and sent it hurtling down. The plane circled, then headed north to find a landing place. Minutes later it was back, and dropped a note.

The note said: "Open water ten air miles to north. If you can make it on foot, join hands in circle. If not, form straight line. Don't lose courage, we'll pick you up." It was signed by the pilot, Lieut. James Ball.

The men formed their circle in the snow.

Before starting, the men had a good meal. Then they loaded the sled, and took the compass. Last of all, they lashed LeBlanc, seated securely to the sled. Said Frenchy, "All set. Let's put this show on the road."

They struck out to the north at a leisurely pace. With LeBlanc, the sled weighed more than 200 pounds, and only four men were pulling it; Kearns had all he could do to lead, setting the pace. The plan was to march 15 minutes and rest five.

For a while, the going was easy. They stuck to the top of a ridge, where six inches of powdery snow covered a hard crust and gave them some footing. After slogging for two hours, including several rests, they had made only about a mile.

They came to the downward slope of the ridge, and turned for a last look at *George One*. It was a tiny speck in a vast white sea, and they wondered how the rescue plane had seen them at all.

As they started down the slope, the PBM was overhead again to drop another message. It was running low on fuel and would return to the ship. Another plane, piloted by Lieut. Comdr. John D. Howell, was on its way out. In almost no time, Howell was there making more drops. When one fell on course, the marchers would stop to eat.

"Don't stuff yourselves, boys," Captain Caldwell warned. "When you've been low on rations, you have to eat lightly at first." He himself downed a whole tin of meat without stopping.

"Is that the way you mean, captain?" McCarty needled him.

The jostling sled gave Frenchy a rough ride, and now and then he winced with pain. His shipmates offered him water, but after taking a sip or two, he would pass it back.

"I'm OK," said Frenchy. "You guys need it much more than I do."

After six hours, the slogging men reached the end of the ridge. Now they were coming to treacherous crevasses. They roped themselves together. Then Kearns led the



way down the slope, testing every foot of the way with an alpenstock.

Near the bottom, they were brought up short by a sheer 60-foot drop. Without the sled, they might have roped their way down; for Frenchy's sake, they had to find another way.

They plowed into deeper and deeper snow, until it was nearly waist-high and they could progress only by lunging their way forward, pulling those behind. Every bone and muscle cried for rest.

Their first sight of the rescue plane gave them a new burst of energy. It lay far off to the north, riding easily in open water. But danger loomed beyond it; a tremendous fog bank, miles long and at least 1,000 feet deep. Within an hour or two, it would cover the take-off area. They searched desperately for a way down, and found it.

They forgot weariness. Half a mile away, they saw two men dragging a sled. The tired men waved and called, and the pair dropped the sled ropes and ran toward their shipmates. They were Dixie Howell and Chief Photographer's Mate Dick Conger.

Dick Conger had brought his

cameras with him, and stepped back to take a picture. Maybe the sight was too gruesome, or perhaps he was a bit emotional, too. Anyway, he put the camera away. Instead, he threw his arms around Kearns' and McCarty's shoulders.

Howell and Conger took over Frenchy's sled, and the rest followed their tracks in the snow, through the dense fog which had now covered the area. Two hours later they reached the edge of the ice. They had made the ten-mile trek in just a little bit over 12 hours.

LeBlanc was barely conscious as his shipmates rowed him out to the plane in a life raft. When all were safely aboard, the big Mariner headed back to the *Pine Island*.

Lieutenant LeBlanc recovered from his burns, but lost both feet, which were amputated above the ankle for frostbite. Later he and the other survivors—with the exception of Captain Caldwell, who remained to command his ship—were flown back to the U.S. LeBlanc is now retired from the navy, and lives in Louisiana. Kearns, Robbins, and Warr were decorated for saving his life when they pulled him from the *George One*.

Licensing the Bible

Even nuns play games with car numbers, I have discovered. I saw two of them at it on a London bus the other day. They were watching a car with automobile license EXV 124, and reciting quotations from the Bible to each other. Curious to know what they were up to, I went home and consulted a Bible. They had recited verses 1, 2, and 4 of Chapter V of *Exodus*.

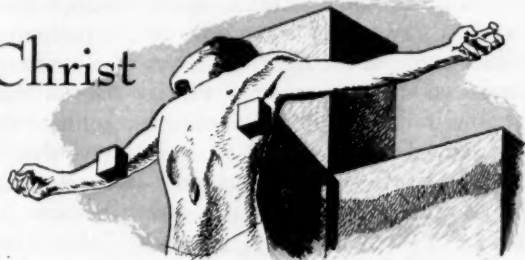
Bromley Abbott in the *London Sunday Dispatch*.

The famous surrealist has turned to realistic mysticism

Dali Paints Christ

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from the *Messenger*
of the Sacred Heart*



SALVADORE DALI, one of the greatest living artists, has assured me that he would like to paint the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and would appreciate prayers that he be given an inspiration.

Dali, you will probably remember, was until recently a world-famous—or should we say notorious?—surrealist, known not only for fantastic painting, but also for odd stunts which got him a great deal of publicity. His past “epics,” as one newspaper story remarked, “have included telephonic lobsters, worm-eaten ruins, and flexible, weeping watches.”

A lot of people used to think Dali was plain crazy. I never thought so; and for one reason. It seemed to me that Dali's publicity stunts were planned with considerable intelligence. My guess was that Dali had seen right through the “man bites dog” philosophy which dominates the publishing industry. If a dog bites a man, that is not news; but if a man bites a dog, that is news.

I speculated that Dali had decided to take advantage of this philosophy to get attention for his art. He was able to think up stunts as fast as the newspapers would fall for them. His lobsters using the telephone, his drooping watches, got him reams of space in the public prints. He received reporters clad in a diving suit, holding two Russian wolfhounds on a leash—all that sort of thing.

The newspapers simply adored Dali and his queer stunts, as they adore so many other silly things. Dali crazy? He struck me as being “crazy like a fox,” twice as smart as the people who were giving him all the free publicity.

It has been said that Dali during this period of his career was an atheist. I do not know whether that is true or not. At any rate, Dali a few years ago was received in audience by Pope Pius XII. He came away from that meeting a changed man. He announced that his former surrealism had given way to what he chose to call the realistic

*515 E. Fordham Road, New York City 58, June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Apostleship of Prayer, and reprinted with permission.

mysticism of the Catholic faith.

Soon afterward, Dali began to produce some of the finest religious paintings I have ever seen. He is probably only beginning, because he is not yet 50 years old.

Dali's best-known religious paintings to date, I should think, are his Madonna of Port Lligat* and his Christ of St. John of the Cross.

Even when he was painting "crazy" concepts, Dali was recognized everywhere as one of the world's great masters of limpid coloring and fine draughtsmanship. He was among the ablest painters living. But he seemed to be wasting his talent on surrealist fantasies. His Madonna and his Christ changed all that.

The Madonna shows our Lady enthroned in a kind of Grecian temple entrance. She floats; she is not subject to the laws of gravity, as indeed she is not in her present body, assumed into heaven with her soul. The broken columns of the temple float also; and the Christ Child floats in a central opening in his Mother's body. The painting also has that "outlook on eternity" which is characteristic of many of the great masters of the past. That is, you look beyond our Lady and the Christ Child into a kind of pale infinity of space. I doubt that there is a lovelier Madonna in all the history of painting.

The Christ of St. John of the Cross, however, is the Dali picture

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST cover, May, 1951.

which specially interests me. It is a crucifixion scene, but it is unlike any other ever conceived by an artist—unless, indeed, we count St. John of the Cross as an artist. Dali says that he received his inspiration from a sketch made by St. John. Because it was the only drawing St. John ever made, Dali believes that it was drawn after an ecstasy.

At any rate, Dali's painting shows Christ on the Cross lifted above the earth, suspended in space, and tilted forward so that He seems to brood over the world. Christ's head is bowed so that you see only his luxuriant hair, tousled and wavy but not long and curly as it is represented in most paintings.

Below the crucifixion scene is a bay, Port Lligat, Spain, where Dali lives among the fishermen. A fishing boat is drawn up on the beach. A couple of fishermen can be seen. Behind them, across the bay, are low hills illumined by a glorious sunrise or sunset. The light glows on banks of clouds and pierces them to outline the cross and the figure of our Lord.

The cross gives the impression of extending forward and backward through all space, and, for that matter, all time. There is also a curious, although entirely natural, dimensional effect which makes you feel that you are seeing the crucifixion scene from above while standing on earth.

There are several other extraordinary features in the painting, fea-

tures of which you become aware only gradually. There is no crown of thorns on Christ's head; there are no nails in his hands and feet. These are details which your imagination automatically supplies until the moment you notice their absence.

It seems to me that what Dali has painted, perhaps without being conscious of it, is a magnificent symbolism of the Mass, which is Christ the Son of God continually sacrificing Himself in an unbloody manner, continually offering Himself to the heavenly Father for the redemption of mankind.

It is Christ extending his Sacrifice through time and space for the salvation of all who will accept Him and keep the Commandments. It is Christ lifted up, lifted indeed above the earth while yet brooding and yearning over the earth—the Christ who said that if He were lifted up, He would draw all men to Him.

Concerning the technical perfection of the painting, its sheer power and majesty as a work of art, little need be said. The artists and the art critics have not been slow to point out the magnificent perspectives, the splendid colors, the sheer beauty of this work.

Dali has said that he twice dreamed about the Christ of St. John of the Cross, once before beginning it, and again before finishing it. He said that in California he dreamed of a painting of Christ

in the position of St. John's sketch, with the landscape of Port Lligat below it. He said he seemed to hear voices telling him that he must paint this Christ.

Until the moment when he picked up his brushes, Dali says, he intended to put some touches of his old ideas into the painting. He was going to "change the blood into red carnations which would have hung from the hands and the feet, along with three jasmine flowers issuing from the wound in the side." Also, he fully meant to include the nails and the crown of thorns, and other instruments of Christ's passion.

He found himself veering away from the method of most modern painters, who, he says, have interpreted Christ "in the expressionistic and contortionistic sense, obtaining emotion through ugliness." The desire grew upon him, he said, to paint a Christ beautiful because He was God as well as Man.

Dali considers his Christ of St. John of the Cross his greatest work to date. I would be the last person to disagree with him.

I am looking forward to Dali's Sacred Heart as I have never before looked forward to any other religious representation. I believe that, when it is painted, it will prove to be a great event in the history of Catholic art. And I trust that it will lead to the enshrinement of the Sacred Heart in millions of homes where He is not yet enshrined.

Science still trails his soaring imagination

Jules Verne: Space Traveler

Condensed from
"The Rocket Pioneers"



By BERYL WILLIAMS AND SAMUEL EPSTEIN

JULES VERNE, the man who wrote *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* and other famous pieces of science-fiction, was more than just a great storyteller. He was a great pioneer in the kind of dreaming that may some day make it possible for men to visit the moon.

Verne didn't find his true vein as a writer until he was 34. And he nearly gave up in despair before he did find it. When the last of a long series of editors rejected a piece of his about exploration by balloon, Verne, in a burst of anger and frustration, threw the manuscript into the fire.

His wife, Honorine, pulled the manuscript out before more than the cover had burned. She persuaded Jules to submit it just once more.

Two weeks later, Verne returned home in a fever of excitement. He told Honorine that a publisher named Hetzel wanted the material rewritten. The new manuscript, entitled *Five Weeks in a Balloon*,

was enthusiastically accepted, and suddenly, in Hetzel's sympathetic presence, Verne began to talk about his plan for a series of books whose heroes would be scientific-minded 19th-century musketeers. Verne's ideas had always been vague before. Now, clarified by Hetzel's suggestions, they emerged clear and fully developed.

The books should be adventure stories first of all, Verne insisted. He believed that the natural hero for any novel was a man of action, equipped with moral courage and a strong right arm.

But the great range of scientific knowledge Verne had been acquiring since boyhood had taught him that the 19th-century man of action needed a rational brain to direct his courage and strength. A man of thought, then, representing reason and knowledge, would provide a second character, a second hero. And the trio of characters he envisioned for each book could be rounded off by a jester, a third musketeer who would provide comic relief.

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Hetzel listened and nodded. He was an excellent judge of what the public wanted, and he knew that the public imagination had been captured by man's newest creation—the machine. He realized that in Jules Verne, with his humor, his willingness to absorb scientific detail, his devotion to the theme of adventure, he had found the perfect writer for the stirring new Age of Science.

There was only one "invention" in that first book, in which Verne set his heroes the challenge of taking a balloon all the way across Africa. Their original plan was to drift westward with the trade winds, ascending and descending to catch the local currents. But Verne permits one of his characters to point out that a certain amount of gas would be lost each time the balloon was brought down. The supply of gas in the balloon would therefore not be sufficient for the whole trip.

Captain Fergusson, Verne's man-of-thought, solves this problem with a furnace which expands or contracts the balloon by changing the temperature of the gas. The "invented" furnace, explained with many technical terms, sounded both plausible and simple. It increased popular enthusiasm for the story, although the enthusiasm itself stemmed chiefly from a widespread interest in the exploration of unknown areas of the world.

In Verne's next book, he took his

heroes into the center of the earth, along a passage that, he wrote, extends downward through the snows of Iceland. He was exploiting the perpetual popular interest in caves and the new interest in prehistoric periods. Deep inside the earth Verne's heroes encounter still-living prehistoric men and animals. *To the Center of the Earth* has been described as probably the first and the best of scientific fairy stories, and is an obvious ancestor of such books as Conan Doyle's *Lost World*.

Verne's third "Extraordinary Journey" was the fabulously successful two-part novel called *From the Earth to the Moon* and *A Trip Around the Moon*. Thousands of readers followed the serial with bated breath. Astronomers and mathematicians checked every figure Verne had used, and whenever two scientists got together they were likely to discuss Verne's story.

Verne's space ship wasn't powered by rockets. It was simply a huge shell which was to be shot out of an enormous cannon, a monstrous bullet aimed at the moon. But other details in the story, in particular Verne's use of rockets as brakes, make the book the true ancestor of modern space-travel literature.

The story begins in America. In European eyes, Americans were the most violent exponents of the new age of science. Europeans visualized Americans as frenziedly

laying thousands of miles of railroad track every day, and erecting whole towns or huge factories overnight.

Verne's particular Americans are members of a Baltimore gun club—men who spent the years of the Civil War happily designing artillery and defense mechanisms. The club president conceives the grandiose scheme of making the biggest gun that can be built—its barrel, sunk in the ground, was to be 900 feet long—and shooting from it a shell that might reach the moon.

Verne declares that American newspapers carry daily bulletins describing the project in detail, to give himself an excuse to include in his story all the information he has accumulated. He discusses what man knows of the moon itself. He even sets the initial velocity his imaginary shell must have, 54,000 feet a second, to keep going until it reaches the outer boundary of the earth's gravitational field. At that point it will start "falling" toward the moon.

He takes his readers to Florida, where the gun shaft, 900 feet deep, is to be built. He takes them through the laborious process of digging the shaft itself. And his readers arrive with him at the choice of guncotton, invented only 15 years before, to provide the propulsion charge. The still-rare aluminum would be the material from which the projectile would be made.

Verne's "ship" doesn't land on

the moon. It approaches it in about four days, but its course is deflected so that it circles the moon instead, as a satellite. By the use of rockets it is finally shifted out of its whirling orbit and brought back to the earth, where it falls into the sea. However, it is hauled to safety by the crew of a ship conveniently anchored at that very spot.

Verne made statements in the book which, in the light of today's knowledge, can be recognized as mistakes. His ship would have been blown to dust even before it left the long shaft of its gun. It would have been destroyed between two powerfully destructive forces: that of the tons of guncotton packed behind it, and of the air compressed inside the gun shaft. And even if the ship had been able to leave the gun shaft, it would actually have traveled only about 100 feet, because of air resistance.

But the important aspect of Verne's story is that he made it *sound* plausible. Even if his readers weren't able to follow the complicated mathematics of his story, or found them so boring that they skipped them entirely, the factual-looking data convinced them that Verne was writing about a scientifically possible event. In that period of rapid mechanical progress, the ordinary layman's attitude was well expressed in such catch phrases as "Isn't science wonderful? What will it do next?"

Soon after the book's publication,

Jules wrote to his brother that people in Paris "really want to travel in my projectile." He wasn't joking. Thousands of readers, who had followed the adventures of his moon voyagers with intense interest, looked up at the moon at night, or leafed through a handbook on astronomy, in the confident belief that space travel would soon be an everyday affair.

Scientists, of course, were not so credulous. Some were convinced that travel beyond the earth's atmosphere was beyond man's capabilities. Others had so much faith in the steady growth of man's knowledge that they assumed space travel would eventually be accomplished.

Certain scientists who thought Verne's gun impossible, but who were intrigued by the idea of an actual trip through space, were led to seek some other means for carrying a projectile to the moon.

Verne had even given them a hint about rockets by building some into his space ship to slow it down upon approaching the moon. Verne knew that rockets could operate without air and could therefore operate in the airless space beyond the earth's atmosphere. And it was this hint that other men seized upon.

In fact, the rocket pioneers of the 20th century have admitted, almost to a man, that their first reading of Verne's book fired their own minds with dreams of space

travel. It directed their energies and imaginations toward studies that might some day make voyages in space possible.

Of course, Verne's space-travel novel was not the only one to capture the popular imagination and serve as a spur to future scientists. The submarine *Nautilus*, which he "invented" for *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, was far in advance of anything then being used for underwater travel. It is in many ways still a ship of the future. But most of the world's submarine designers read Verne's book during their youth and were inspired by it to try to create in truth what he had created in his imagination.

That prodigious imagination of Verne's lasted him all his life. His "Extraordinary Journey" series comprises about 70 books. He turned them out so steadily that people could hardly believe he did all the work himself. He wrote almost until the day he died in 1905, at the age of 77.

Men still read with wonder Verne's tale of a journey to the moon. Perhaps, when such a journey actually becomes possible, the story will at last lose its power to enthrall readers all over the world. But when that day comes, Verne's name will still be honored by the scientists who create, out of metal and mathematics, the dream Verne once spun out of his soaring imagination.

The Cypresses Believe in God

Review by FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON
Book Editor, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

GERONA IS THE northeasternmost province in Spain. Its capital is Gerona, standing within its ancient walls at the point where the Oñar river flows into the larger River Ter. It is a land of mountains and deep valleys, black with pines. In the bright sunlight it has an air of gaiety, enlivened with the quick phrases and salty wit of the Catalan people. But when the night falls, there is something secret and forbidding in the long gloomy valleys with their fu-

nereal pines, over which the implacable Pyrenees brood.

It is a province of mixed blood: Greek, Roman, Vandal, Moorish; it produces individuals, starkly, fiercely individual, who recognize no law but the moods and convictions of their own minds and hearts.

In the town of Gerona lived the Alvear family. One balcony of their modest apartment overlooked the Rambla, in which all the gaiety of the town centered; the other jutted out over the noisy waters of the

One of Our Editors Dissents

"This book is shocking in its realism, in its dramatic excitement and humanness, in its stark portrayal of facts regardless of illusions that may be shattered. I personally could not possibly lay it aside until I had finished both volumes. In reading it, I found one four-letter word and one incident that might be distasteful to some of our members. For this reason I cannot wholeheartedly approve of it as a selection for our entire membership."

Not since your Book Club was started has any book stirred up such lively discussion among your Board of Editors. Similar discussions will sweep across America wherever *The Cypresses Believe in God* is read. It is our selection, not only because Gironella portrays his men and women—the Alvears and others—"in all their pettiness and all their grandeur," but, more important, because it dispels a thousand mis-impressions of Spain and reveals this great Catholic nation as it really is. We agree with the editor that it is not a book for children; it is definitely a book for people who are mentally grown-up and who want to know the world for what it is.

Ter. Between these two windows opening on the world "the Alvears knew that in a fistful of space they could create an intimate and impregnable world of their own."

It was a world blazing with love and loyalty to each other. Carmen Elgazu, the mother, was a beautiful woman. She was, as the Spanish love to say, the "heart" of the family. Her husband Matias had been an anticlerical when he married her. But he learned to love Carmen with such passionate devotion that he could not imagine an eternity spent without her. Therefore, he also learned to know and love God.

The Alvear children were like adoring planets about the twin suns of their father and mother. Ignacio, the first born, was told by a gypsy that he would be a bishop. He tried the seminary and failed. But he did come out with a love of studies and a consuming desire to know all the wisdom and experience of the world.

His younger brother César, by his own wish, took Ignacio's place. César had the loving humility of St. Francis, and the flaming heart. Even the selfish or worldly detected in his jug-eared homely face a holiness they had never before thought of. The refracted loves of the family took on tender brilliance in Pilar, the Alvears' daughter. Like her mother, Pilar was beautiful, and pious. She loved the pieties of land and altar summed up in a

childish rhyme written in her history book:

*Blessed Virgin, Virgin pure,
Make them pass me
In this course.*

Life might have been like a splendid tranquil river for the Alvears, except for the fact that they lived in Gerona during the flaming years of Spanish history, 1931-1936, that preceded the Civil war. The new republic was a name soon to be swept away, not merely by lack of discipline but by the varieties of Spanish individualism: anarchist, communist, royalist, republican, Masonic, and clerical. Each variety had its temples, and its favorite cafés; each variety warmed its hatreds to the boiling point. The developing tragedy started with the burning and looting of churches; it warmed to a carnival of hate and mass murder that left no family untouched or forever unscarred.

How the Alvear family lived and loved through this tragic period is the theme of José Maria Gironella's novel, *The Cypresses Believe in God*. Gironella chose to paint a large canvas; the novel is in two volumes and is more than 1,000 pages in length. Every page throbs with interest and intuitive realism; every episode, painted with the sure strokes of a literary Goya, leads up to the tremendous climax of blood and tears.

The reader is put right in the

middle of Gerona. He walks its streets and knows its personalities: Cosme Vila, the communist; Mosén Alberto, the worldly priest in charge of the diocesan museum; Mosén Francisco, the priest who loves the poor; Doña Amparo Campo, with her tinkling bracelets; Julio, the all-wisely stupid chief of police—in all there are some 74 characters brought alive with startling, even shocking, realism. Each is as individual as Spaniards are, each is moved irrevocably by his hatreds rather than his loves.

You will have to shake yourself, as I did, to realize that you are not actually living in the midst of the violent atmosphere of the story. The revolution lives again. Each of its groups speaks for itself, with astonishing frankness and telling clarity. Not once does the author stand in the light of his characters. They voice their convictions with the tragic frankness of Greek drama. I could see myself back in

Spain again, as I was in the year of the revolution, sitting in the midst of a hatred so intense it could not have been cut with a diamond drill.

Cypresses is one of the great adult novels of our time. It has been compared with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, but it transcends it in the swiftness of its pace and the brilliant individuality of its characters. It isn't a book at all, but an *experience* no reader can afford to miss. You will cry and laugh over its tragedy and humor. The hair-raising ending will bring the purging of the soul that sorts out eternal values and leaves the heart at peace.

The two-volume novel *The Cypresses Believe in God* was translated from the Spanish by Harriet De Onis. It is published by Alfred A. Knopf, at \$10. Catholic Digest Book Club members receive it for \$5.90, plus postage. See advertisement on inside front cover.



Too Much is Too Much

A FAMOUS ARCHITECT had drawn an elaborate set of plans for the millionaire's hunting lodge in the north woods. The millionaire sent them to the village carpenter, and told him to begin building immediately.

A couple of days later, a post card arrived at the rich man's house. "The plans are all wrong," it read. "I can't do anything until you get them straightened out."

The exasperated millionaire shot back a telegram. "Plans absolutely O. K. Proceed as per instructions."

By return mail came the reply. "I do not saw one plank till the plans get straightened out. If I were to build the house you have laid out here, you'd have *two* bathrooms!"

American Weekly.

(Continued from Other Side)

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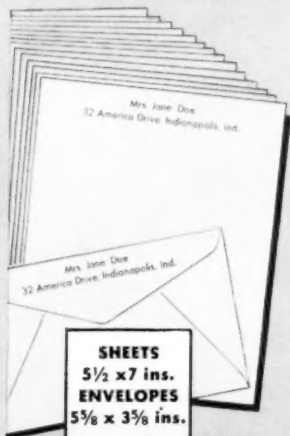
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